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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 513

EDITORIALS

Roads to Rome 516
Fire-Insurance Racket 516
Famine in India 517

ARTICLES

Post-War Gold Brick *by I. F. Stone* 518
"Face" and Freedom in Asia *by H. Q. Quaritch Wales* 519
Diary of the Future. II. Peace Breaks Out *by Vernon Bartlett* 521
25 Years Ago in *The Nation* 524
Tax Idle Savings! *by George Richmond Walker* 525
In the Wind 526

POLITICAL WAR

The Greek United Front *by Basil J. Vlavianos* 527
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 529

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Art of Pre-Columbian America *by Elizabeth Wilder* 530
The Countess Draws a Blank *by Leopold Schwarzschild* 531
Captain Ingersoll Reports *by Marcus Duffield* 532
The Legend of Pétain *by Albert Guérard* 532
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 534
Films *by James Agee* 536
Art *by Clement Greenberg* 536
Records *by B. H. Haggin* 537

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 538

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 37 *by Jack Barrett* 540

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The Shape of Things

THE MOSCOW CONFERENCE HAS ACHIEVED almost all that could have been expected and a good deal more than it seemed possible to hope for a few weeks ago. The documents are being published just at our press deadline, and we are forced to postpone extended comment until the next issue. It is clear, however, that the agreements cover more ground than was anticipated, although many subjects supposed to be on the agenda remain unmentioned. There is, for instance, no direct reference to immediate military moves, but the only conclusion to be drawn from this omission is that the Anglo-American plans laid before the Soviet government satisfied it that its allies were giving the Red army all the backing possible. Otherwise it is hardly likely that understanding on political matters would have been so complete. The agreements fall into two parts. One document, which is signed by China as well as the three powers, lays the foundations for a permanent world organization, open to all free nations, for the establishment and protection of peace. The other agreements deal with more immediate problems, and are confirmed to the United States, Britain, and Russia. They include the inauguration of a three-power advisory committee, sitting in London, to "examine European questions arising as the war develops"; the institution of an advisory council on Italy, in which France, Greece, and Yugoslavia will participate; a pledge to Italians of full restoration of democratic rights and an opportunity to choose their own form of government; a promise to liberate Austria; an understanding about the punishment of war criminals. Of outstanding importance is Russia's adherence to the unconditional surrender formula, which removes the Nazis' last lingering hope of making a separate peace. But overshadowing all specific details is the spirit of unity achieved. This is news which, combined with recent defeats, should prove shattering to German morale.

*

THE OPTIMISTIC NEWS FROM MOSCOW MAY seem to dispose of the pessimistic interpretations of the Senate's post-war policy resolution given by I. F. Stone in an article on page 518. But if the studied ambiguities which Senator Connally believes to be a policy have done nothing to hinder the discussions at Moscow, we cannot

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believe that they have done anything to strengthen the hands of the American representatives or that they will prove of positive value at any future international conference. The resolution does little more than put the Senate on record as being against aggression and for peace, just as Coolidge's preacher was against "sin" and, presumably, for virtue. It puts forward a misty conception of "international authority" which commits the Senate to nothing more definite than international finger-shaking at peace-breakers. Even approval of the World Court might be ruled out, as one of the resolution's supporters, Senator Gillette, admitted. The "wilful fourteen" who have been fighting hard to give the resolution some backbone are not quibbling when they seek to prefix "international authority to prevent aggression and to preserve the peace of the world" by the word "an." For by giving approval to "*an* international authority" the Senate would be indorsing the idea of a concrete organization dedicated to the task of preventing wars. With so timid a proposal as the Connally resolution before the Senate, it is not hard to see why the isolationists are keeping out of the debate. Some of them, like Senator Vandenberg, have testified to its weakness by announcing their intention to vote for it. And while Senator Wheeler spoke against it, his speech lacked its old fire. What is difficult to understand is why the President should have approved the resolution by indirection. One explanation is that he believes vagueness will give him a freer hand. Woodrow Wilson, we recollect, thought he had a free hand, too, when he sailed for Europe.

*

MARSHAL BADOGLIO GAVE AN INTERVIEW last week to the American press which will make an interesting document for historians although we suspect some of his "facts" will not survive scholarly scrutiny. His line was to place the sole blame both for Italy's entry into the war and for its disastrous conduct on Mussolini. He admitted no responsibility for himself or for the army, not even in the matter of Il Duce's overthrow. That, the Marshal insisted, was entirely the work of the fascist hierachy and he himself only came into the picture when the king sent for him after Mussolini's resignation. It would seem, however, that he dates his condemnation of the fallen leader from 1940, for when Herbert L. Matthews of the New York *Times* reminded him of a former meeting in Ethiopia, Badoglio replied: "Those were better times for Italy." We find this unguarded remark revealing for it suggests that what turned the Marshal against Mussolini was not the latter's long record of repression at home and aggression abroad but his failure to pick the right horse in the current struggle. Consequently, we remain unimpressed by Badoglio's promise, repeated and elaborated in this interview, to resign office immediately hostilities cease.

EVENTS, HOWEVER, ARE PRESSING BADOGLIO and his royal master hard, and within the next few weeks they may, one or both, have faded out of the Italian picture. The present regime lacks both energy and authority, and it is daily becoming clearer that it cannot rally the people against Germany, cannot recreate the army, cannot restore economic life. Badoglio has now approached Count Sforza and other political leaders with a view to forming a coalition government. But before such a solution becomes possible the problem of the monarchy must be settled. Count Sforza and other prominent democrats are willing to compromise this question by retaining the crown as a symbol provided that Emmanuel and his heir, Prince Umberto, abdicate and allow the throne to go to the latter's six-year-old son. One constitutional snag is that a statute of 1938 requires that in such a case the next of kin in the royal house shall be named regent. The democratic leaders feel that both Umberto and the King are so tarred with the Fascist brush that they must be completely dissociated from the government before there can be a hope of regeneration. There appears to be no remedy for the situation except the moral equivalent of that revolution which would certainly have taken place but for the Allied occupation of the country.

*

THE PRESIDENT'S RECOMMENDATIONS FOR A government-financed program of education and retraining for discharged service men and women should do much to allay the doubts and fears of the members of the armed services regarding their place in the post-war world. It has long been evident that many of the men and women in the services would need special assistance if they were merely to hold their own with the men and women of their own age who, for one reason or another, had not been called into service. This includes particularly the hundreds of thousands of young people whose education has been interrupted by the war, but it also includes those withdrawn from skilled occupations and those who presumably would have had opportunity for occupational advancement if they had remained in civilian life. Surely, the government is under obligation to see that so far as possible no one who has been in the services is occupationally handicapped. Doubtless, as some Congressmen have already complained, the educational and retraining program will cost the government a considerable amount of money at a time when there will be great pressure for economies. But if one million persons, as the committee that drew up the plan estimates, take advantage of the opportunities offered, the withdrawal of so many potential job-seekers from the labor market in the immediate post-war period should make the transition from a war to a peace economy that much easier.

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CREDIT IS DUE TO *PM* FOR HAVING FORCED Governor Saltonstall to act in connection with the repeated Christian Front assaults on Jews in the Dorchester section of Boston. The assaults, directed mainly against Jewish children, had been going on for more than a year without official attention when Arnold Beichman, a *PM* reporter, interviewed a number of the victims and wrote a full-page story on his findings. When the story was first called to the attention of the Governor he denounced it as a "stinking article" and had Beichman ejected from the State House. Two days later, however, the Governor ordered the state police to investigate the complaints and appointed a five-man committee to confer with him on means of checking the growth of anti-Semitism. It is not known exactly what caused Mr. Saltonstall to make such an amazing about-face, but it is apparent that either the affidavits published in *PM* or some other authority convinced him of the seriousness of the situation. Influence also may have been exerted by a strong editorial in the *Christian Science Monitor* urging action with respect to the *PM* disclosures. In any case, the steps taken by the Governor are long overdue. For years Boston has been a center of anti-Semitic propaganda disseminated by Coughlin and Christian Front supporters. It was inevitable that this poison should eventually lead to overt acts against the law-abiding Jewish population. The mere prevention of violence will not clear up the situation. The speakers and writers who have deliberately inflamed public opinion against the Jews, whether on orders from Berlin or not, must be held legally as well as morally accountable for the outrages.

*

WENDELL WILLKIE'S BOOK "ONE WORLD" is under fire from at least one quarter of the Catholic Church. The *Catholic Mirror,* official organ of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Diocese, in its Guide to Best Sellers, has listed the book as "Not Recommended to Any Class." In an earlier issue the *Mirror* carried a review of the volume by the Reverend John K. Cartwright which makes it clear that Rome is still a long way from Moscow. "It is hard to see," wrote Father Cartwright, "what advantage the people of the Ganges and Irrawaddy will derive from the fact that Moscow has replaced London either as their center of administration or as their source of propaganda." Mr. Willkie shares, he said, "the insensitiveness of most politicians to the obvious and criminal tyranny of an ally," a stirring observation which loses a good deal of its force when we recall how "insensitive" the Catholic Church itself has been to the "obvious and criminal tyranny" of Fascism. Father Cartwright, who is a Jesuit, ended by saying that the book "does have value as a curious compend of sophistical reasoning." *Variety,* from which we glean this item, points out that Catholic opposition adds new hazards to the scheduled filming of "One World"—apparently there have already been objections on the score of politics. Between the isolationists on the one hand and the Legion of Decency on the other, Mr. Willkie may well discover that it's still a small world, after all.

*

THE EXECUTIVE ORDER FORBIDDING RACIAL discrimination by firms doing business with the government has been grievously weakened by a ruling of Comptroller General Lindsay C. Warren that it was "directory" rather than "mandatory." Warren ruled that in stating that all contracting agencies *shall* include a non-discrimination clause in their contracts the President obviously did not mean that they must include such a clause. Thus a minor official in the Administration who is notorious for his bias against the Negro has succeeded in nullifying the order which is the foundation of the efforts of the Fair Employment Practices Committee. From the beginning the FEPC has been hampered by the lack of any clear-cut power by which it could enforce the President's order against recalcitrant employers. Its one weapon was the threat of cancelation of contract, a weapon which has now been taken away by the Comptroller General's ruling. The President can remedy the immediate situation by issuing a new order making clear that compliance is required, but the larger problem of enforcement can be met adequately only by legislative action.

*

THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WAGE-Hour Act finds the principle of fair working standards an accepted and integral part of the American industrial structure. When the act was first adopted in 1938 there were widespread predictions of dire calamity. It was said that whole industries would be ruined, that men would be replaced by machines, and that American industry would find itself unable to compete, on either home or foreign markets, with foreign industries that were under no such restrictions. One Senator from the South declared that the act had "crucified Dixie." Actually, none of the pessimistic predictions were borne out. Instead of calamity, the act brought unprecedented prosperity to many parts of the South, and many of the prophets of despair are now among its strongest supporters. As a result of the recommendations of all of the sixty-nine industrial committees set up under the law, it is expected that the minimum wage of 40 cents an hour will soon be put into effect throughout the country, two years ahead of the deadline set by Congress at the time the act was originally adopted. Although this minimum would seem to mean little under war-time conditions, it may prove of great assistance after the war. It should be particularly valuable as a means of preventing wage discrimination against Negroes, women, and other minority groups in the post-war period.

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Roads to Rome

WHILE it is true that all roads lead to Rome," General Sir Harold Alexander, commander of the Allied ground forces in Italy, remarked recently, "it is also true that those roads are mined." Nor is this the only reason why the Fifth and Eighth armies are counting their gains in yards. The terrain over which they are fighting is admirably adapted for defense in depth. Dividing the line in two is Italy's gnarled spinal column —the Apennine mountain chain, which extends numerous spurs toward both coasts. Pouring down from this watershed are many short, rapid streams which have cut deep valleys through the land. After the recent heavy rains some of them must be formidable torrents. The few main roads wind through the valleys, and before their use can be secured the high land on both sides must be cleared of the enemy. Stone-built towns and villages perched on high rocky ground make natural strongholds.

The Italian campaign has not gone according to plan, as General Alexander frankly admitted. The original idea was to land four divisions at Salerno and push rapidly across the peninsula to the Adriatic, trapping the two or three German divisions which were opposing General Montgomery's men farther to the south. But the German command, whether by a lucky guess or by good intelligence work, were prepared, and concentrated sufficient force at Salerno to keep General Clark's army pinned down near the beaches until the threatened Nazi forces could be withdrawn. Thus the German army was able to "disengage" itself in the Naples area and with the aid of reinforcements from the north to establish itself along the Volturno. And while it has been pushed out of that position, not without some cost to our side, it has a whole series of natural defensive lines to fall back on. At the present rate of progress it may be weeks or even months before our forces come within sight of Rome.

The nature of the terrain and the narrowness of the front—it is about ninety miles from the extreme left wing of the Fifth Army to the extreme right wing of the Eighth—precludes enveloping tactics of the kind which would force Rommel to choose between rapid retreat and the destruction of a considerable part of his forces. But if we look away from the actual front in Italy and study the whole strategic picture in the western Mediterranean, we see that wider outflanking movements are possible. General Eisenhower almost certainly has at his disposal reserves far in excess of any reinforcements needed for existing Italian operations. Since he has command of the sea and air, various movements are open to him. Reports of a concentration of troops and ships at Bari on the Adriatic coast suggest preparations for an amphibious expedition to join the Yugoslav guerrillas who are keeping many German divisions bloodily occupied. The broad agreements achieved at Moscow might prove the signal for such a move.

Another possibility is a landing on the Italian coast north of Rome; if successful, this would trap the Nazi divisions farther south and might force the Germans to evacuate the Holy City without a fight—an end which is clearly of great concern to the Allied high command. Before a landing in this region can be undertaken, however, it is essential for air bases to be established in Corsica so that fighter cover can be provided to protect the beachheads. This is not the work of a day, particularly as the rugged surface of the French island makes the task of building airfields a difficult one, but we can safely assume that it is being pushed forward with all possible speed.

Some military commentators have been wondering whether Rommel will seek to disrupt Allied plans by a counter-offensive. In relation to the risks involved, the maximum strategic fruits to be gathered would be meager. But the German commander might gamble on the theory that even a temporary defeat inflicted on the Anglo-American forces would be valuable in stiffening German morale and restoring his own rather shabby laurels. On the other hand, he can hardly afford to commit a large proportion of the reserves he has concentrated north of the Po, since he must have men available to stand off a new landing in Italy or to rush to the Balkans or even to France. And events on the Russian front suggest strongly that he cannot count on further reinforcements. Consequently, while progress in Italy may prove exasperatingly slow in the immediate future, the Allies are not likely to be deprived of the initiative.

Fire-Insurance Racket

WE CONGRATULATE Attorney General Francis Biddle on his statement to the Senate Judiciary Committee in opposition to the Bailey bill. This measure would exempt the insurance business from the anti-trust laws and "affirm the intent of the Congress that the regulation of the business of insurance remain within the control of the several states." The Attorney General spoke with great ability and great courage—the insurance lobby is politically very powerful. The facts he marshaled were more than a theoretical discussion of a proposed piece of legislation, for the bill is an attempt to avoid the probability that the Supreme Court will reverse the District Court's decision dismissing anti-trust indictments against 198 fire-insurance companies operating in the Southeastern states.

The facts presented by the Attorney General make two conclusions inescapable. One is that the fire-insurance business, as operated by the combinations which dominate it, is not a business but a racket using illegal and

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coercive tactics to extort high profits from the public. The other is that Senator Bailey of North Carolina is betraying the interests of his own constituents to serve this group of racketeers.

Mr. Biddle's statement provided the committee with a glimpse of the complaints which led the Department of Justice to act. They fully support the strong term we have applied to the fire-insurance business. "Even complaining about the South Eastern Underwriters Association rates," an Alabama business man wrote, "is a dangerous thing, since one is helpless without their underwriters." A Southern insurance agent wrote that the combine was threatening to close him out because his brother worked for an independent company. "I must either make my brother give up his business or I must give mine up." Control of the business by trade-association and rate bureaus explains the wide and profitable margin between the billion dollars the companies collect each year in premiums and the four hundred million they pay out in indemnities. The rates bear no real relation to the risks; statistics are meager and haphazard; the combines fix whatever rates they can get away with.

Profits are high and protection money commensurate. The Attorney General pointed out that 116 of the companies involved in the pending case were among the 142 companies which raised a fund of $446,000 in 1936 to bribe the Missouri Superintendent of Insurance and Tom Prendergast—a practice all too familiar to students of attempts to regulate business. These stalwart defenders of states' rights are at the same time engaged, through powerful lobbies at state capitals, in preventing legislatures from exercising those rights. The present case originated, in fact, as a result of a plea from the Attorney General of Missouri to the Department of Justice. His efforts to prosecute companies in his state, he said, were rendered difficult, if not hopeless, because the rate-fixing conspiracies were part of "a vast interstate scheme operating as a unit."

Behind the fire-insurance companies in this fight at Washington is the rest of the insurance business, all of it tainted, all of it anxious for exemption from federal supervision. It has found a willing collaborator in Senator Bailey, who is all for state regulation and points to his own state's "first-class insurance system." This has drawn a contemptuous snort from Josephus Daniels. In his Raleigh *News and Observer* that grand old Democrat says Senator Bailey must have got "a bit rusty" on North Carolina insurance law. Daniels tells the story of two farmhouses, one on each side of the Virginia-North Carolina line, both identical risks, "but the rate on the Virginia house was just about half the rate on the North Carolina house." The difference measures the difference in the effectiveness of regulation in the two states. North Carolina has no real control over fire-insurance rates, but it ought to have some control over Senator Bailey.

Famine in India

EXCEPT for the information contained in a few newspaper dispatches, the world at large has had until recently little knowledge of the severe famine which has gripped India for nearly a year. According to one estimate, made by a former member of the Central Legislative Assembly, 100,000 persons are dying of starvation in Bengal each week. Official records indicate that the weekly death rate in Calcutta is approximately three times the normal rate.

Although the causes of the famine are complex, it is obvious that the war and the friction between the British authorities and the Indian people are chiefly responsible. In normal times some 1,500,000 tons of rice are imported annually from Burma and French Indo-China. This supply has been cut off now for more than a year and a half. Supplementary imports have been hampered by the shipping shortage. Army demands, including those of the American forces in India, have been large. Although crops have been satisfactory this year, the Bengal rice crop suffered from a cyclone in the fall of 1942. The situation has been aggravated by the widespread sabotage of the railways during the recent political crisis and the efforts of some anti-British extremists to encourage hoarding. It has been further complicated by the refusal of many prominent Indians, particularly industrialists, to cooperate with the British-controlled government. Because of the existing political tension, effective government action to eliminate hoarding, control prices, and provide an effective rationing system has been extremely difficult.

Yet when all the difficulties in the situation are recognized, it is evident that the government under Lord Linlithgow failed to take even the most elementary steps to meet the crisis. It is only within the past few weeks that shipments of food have been sent to India. Rationing has not yet gone into effect. The fact that Lord Wavell in his first week in India found it necessary to set up relief camps and to enlist the aid of the army in speeding up the movement of supplies and organizing an effective distribution system indicates how little his predecessor had done. There is reason to hope that the steps being undertaken under Wavell's direction will alleviate the situation until the rice crop is harvested in January. But unless the United Nations divert shipping from urgent military purposes to rush food from Australia and New Zealand, tens of thousands of additional lives are certain to be lost. Added to those dying from starvation will be other tens of thousands doomed to death from disease as a result of a shortage of medical supplies and a breakdown in public health services. The situation presents a challenge which the British must meet if they are to justify at all their continued presence in India.

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Post-War Gold Brick

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 28

DEBATE on the Connally resolution began Monday. It will probably continue well into next week. I dropped into the press gallery Tuesday to hear Senator Pepper speak against the resolution. Gluyas Williams could do justice to the scene in the green-carpeted amphitheater, under the yellow light seeping down from the glass ceiling, reinforced by steel girders against air raids that never came. There were not many more than twenty Senators on the floor when Pepper began, and though a few more drifted in during the afternoon, about the same number drifted out. Little attention was paid by those present. Several pairs of Senators carried on intermittent but animated conversations during the proceedings. One or two read newspapers. A few looked like aged schoolboys catching up with their lessons at the narrow Senatorial desks—the kind we had in the primary grades, with the top opening upward. There were usually one or two Senators wandering aimlessly about the chamber during the proceedings, stopping here and there for a chat, lighting a cigar, or just scratching their heads. They look pretty much as you would expect—commonplace middle-class lawyers or business men. A tendency to the pompous manner and florid speech is the principal mark of their high office, and a good many of them would be spotted instantly as phonies in any country store or corner pool room. Most of them have obtained office by ducking as many issues as possible, and they are still at it on the biggest issue of our time.

The debates, other reporters tell me, have been as poorly attended every day. There is not much use in looking in the *Congressional Record* to see whether your Senators were there. There was a time when a Senator could be counted present on a quorum call only if he was physically present in the chamber. The rules have never been applied so slackly as during this debate. Senators are counted present on roll calls all day if they have once put their head in the door and caught the clerk's eye, or made a telephone call, or even left word where they could be reached. I am told by a competent newspaperman that one Senator was counted present although he was in Baltimore—the theory being that he was within reach. At least on one day a Senate clerk was marking those physically present on a roll call in ink, those present only in spirit in pencil. This doesn't show up, of course, in the *Congressional Record*. The principal characters while I was there were Ball, refreshing in his youthfulness and simplicity, Connally, with his meager white mane and black-ribboned pince-nez, looking like a ham actor playing Senator, and Pepper, whose orotundity and tendency to make speeches even in private cover a real devotion to the public interest combined with a great deal of political agility.

I'd hate to think of the men in the services and their families at home watching these Senate debates by television. It might destroy faith in representative government, though the real test is not what happens in the Senate chamber but what you and I and several million others do about it. A little band of wilful men is once again at work in the Senate, but this time it is a band determined to establish, rather than to block, some system of international cooperation to prevent another world war. They're going to keep talking as long as they can. They hope that after a few days the country will wake up to what is going on and by pressure on the Senate force a less ambiguous statement on post-war international policy than that in the Connally resolution. Tonight there comes news that the executive committee of the C. I. O., meeting in Philadelphia, has adopted a resolution. The C. I. O. will have to do more than pass a resolution; I hope it will. Austin of Vermont has joined the original fourteen—Pepper, Ball, Hatch, Hill, Burton, Ferguson, Guffey, Green, Murray, Downey, Truman, Kilgore, Bridges, and Maybank. They are putting on a good fight. It remains to be seen whether the country's admitted desire for some kind of world order is only a vague sentiment or strong enough to affect the Senate.

The difference between the Connally resolution and the Pepper substitute is not one of mere semantics. The former, like the Mackinac declaration, can mean anything and therefore means nothing. The peace it will preserve is the peace of mind of the politicians at the next election. The Connally resolution, and the manner in which it has been handled, is an attempt not to obtain but to prevent a genuine declaration of post-war policy. Connally's maneuvers enabled a hand-picked subcommittee of eight to usurp the powers of the full Foreign Relations Committee. The committee itself refused to hold public hearings. The resolution was voted out and the Senate asked to take it or leave it in the form in which it was written. If it is accepted, there can be no genuine expression of opinion at the next election, because the resolution is so ambiguous that a vote for it is

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no test at all, and voters will be unable to separate internationalist sheep from isolationist goats.

Though Connally himself is on record for stronger action than whatever it is his resolution envisages, the chosen text undoubtedly suits him. His committee had been holding the lid on any post-war resolution since last March, and some months ago in the cloakrooms colleagues heard Connally say, "We'd better hurry up and adjourn or some damn fool will be bringing up a post-war resolution or the poll tax." Connally wanted no resolution if possible, an ambiguous one if necessary. The subcommittee's sudden action is undoubtedly linked with the Moscow conference, as Connally himself has more than once hinted. The large Polish vote in several important cities, the Administration's entente with the Vatican, always pro-Polish, and the far from dead desire for a *cordon sanitaire* impel Roosevelt and Hull to seek the restoration of Poland as it was in 1939. Their only possible talking point with the Russians is that the Soviet Union need not worry about strategic boundaries because there is going to be a real system of collective security after the war. Hull wants a resolution to show Stalin. I doubt whether anyone here is naive enough to think so hard-headed a customer can be sold so obvious a gold brick. The Connally resolution is nothing that anybody could rely on, but maybe some people are thinking that in a pinch they can say, "Look, we offered the Russians a system of collective security but they still insisted on their 1941 boundaries." I hope I'm wrong, but I think something of this sort is buzzing behind the diplomatic scene.

Overshadowing this *Weltpolitik* as played by the diplomatic pigmies is a desire on the part of common folk to have done with war and lawlessness between nations. The Connally resolution, as Pepper warned, moves toward World War III. The Pepper substitute will not preserve peace, but it will take us one little step in that direction. The time to prod the Senate is now.

"Face" and Freedom in Asia

BY H. G. QUARITCH WALES

LAST August, on the occasion of the forty-fifth anniversary of the American occupation of Manila, President Roosevelt promised to establish a Philippine republic "the moment the power of our Japanese enemies is destroyed." On September 24 Senator Tydings offered a resolution—now under consideration by the Senate Territories Committee—authorizing the President to free the Philippines immediately. The other United Nations continue to be vague about their intentions in Southeast Asia, though with the increase of military pressure on Japan in the near future, the question of the post-war status of the reconquered countries will become an urgent one. If we are to gain the support of the inhabitants we shall have to announce a policy which promises to fulfil their national aspirations. So far the need for such propaganda does not seem to have been recognized.

On two occasions in the past few months our lack of comprehension of the situation in Southeast Asia has been revealed. Japan's "gift" of two Shan and four Malay states to Thailand and its granting of pseudo-independence to Burma were dismissed by press and public as of no importance because all the territory involved remained as before under Japanese domination. In referring to the former event an editorial in the New York *Times* came forward with the information that the Shans "may or may not be remotely related" to the Siamese. The writer evidently did not think it worth the trouble to ascertain the established ethnographical fact that the Shans (or Greater Thai) are the closest of kin to the Siamese (Lesser Thai) and speak a different dialect of the same language. The very word Siam is merely a corruption of the word Shan. Some weeks later the *Times* belatedly recognized that Japan's psychological warfare ought to be countered but was still convinced that its stratagem was "characteristically clumsy and bound to be abortive."

It is not easy for the materialistic West to appreciate that where "face" is concerned Orientals make a less rigid distinction than we do between the shadow and the substance. A semblance of immediate independence is more likely to win their support than promises of real freedom some day. The transaction of the Shan states illustrated Japan's understanding of this principle.

I saw an earlier scene in the drama enacted in 1936 when I happened to be in Bangkok on a gala occasion. The streets and public buildings had been decorated in the usual way. Then unexpectedly a novel display was created overnight in one of the public gardens: a flower bed was laid out as a huge map of Siam—a greater Siam, including the coveted Shan and Malay states as well as a goodly slice of territory that had been stolen by the French. The flower bed had a huge popular success. Bangkok's citizens and their country cousins in

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town for the festivities flocked to admire it. Eventually word reached the ears of the British and French ministers. But before a complaint could be lodged at the Foreign Office, the flowers had faded and the Siamese authorities could plead ignorance of the whole affair.

Seven years later the dream seems to have come true. Perhaps Luang Pibul and other educated leaders are not deceived. But a great many people are happy that they can now plant their flower gardens and color their maps as they please, with no white man to say them nay. Besides, Japan's gift helps them to believe its other promises—for instance, that the misery caused by the forced change from rice to cotton cultivation is only a temporary phase of the slightly delayed "co-prosperity."

Lord Wavell knows what we shall be up against in the reconquest of occupied Asia unless we can offer the people a program more attractive than that of the Japanese. He knows how much depends on the invading army's receiving the active cooperation of the inhabitants. He has warned that the natives of Southeast Asia will oppose a return to the old colonial system. What indications are there that we intend to heed his advice?

Last July the British Colonial Secretary, Colonel Oliver Stanley, so far improved upon Mr. Churchill's well-known statements as to announce the government's willingness after the war to collaborate closely in the British colonies with neighboring and friendly nations. But he did not disclose when the "progressive approach to self-government" would be likely to reach its goal, the only real interest of the peoples concerned.

The Dutch alone among European colonial powers have come forward with something approaching a comprehensive plan for the future of their Asiatic dependencies. This plan, though it is not official, would have to be taken into consideration in formulating any Allied propaganda policy, since it is the work of Dr. George H. C. Hart, chairman of the Board of Economic Affairs of the Netherlands Indies, Surinam, and Curaçao. As explained by Dr. Hart in the March issue of *Pacific Affairs,* it calls for partnership of the colonies with the Netherlands in a commonwealth the members of which are apparently to be bound much more closely together than are the members of the British Commonwealth. The Indies are to share in the administration of the commonwealth and to have a greater degree of autonomy in domestic affairs. In the June issue of *Pacific Affairs* the Hart plan was critically discussed by Professor Raymond Kennedy, who showed that it is quite possible to interpret the "charter" as merely a continuation of the old system behind a new façade. As Professor Kennedy pointed out, the plan is silent on such points as whether there will be an appointed governor general or an elected chief executive, the extent of the franchise, the system of representation, and provisions for education.

If Professor Kennedy's doubts are unfounded, no time should be lost in dispelling them. The Dutch "charter" interpreted as he has shown it can be would make no appeal to the Indonesian nationalists. It is of no value to the United Nations as propaganda.

The principles of the Atlantic Charter lie ready to hand. Why not decide that they do apply to Asia after all? One reason of course is that they conflict with the arbitrary division of territory among the colonial powers. As long as we allow this to stand in the way of the natural and logical coming together of related peoples—which even the Japanese are willing to permit within their "co-prosperity sphere"—we shall fail to win the good-will of the peoples of Southeast Asia. We bemoan the supposed inability of India to unite. Why continue to divide those who wish to come together?

Historical claims based on former aggressions cannot be considered valid. If they were, the Siamese would have quite as good a right to the Malay States as any European power ever had. They can point to historical documents proving their suzerainty from 1350 A.D. until the arrival of the white man. In fact, however, the Malays hate and fear the Siamese, and Siam's claim here lacks the legitimate basis that a demand for union with the Shans would have. Allied propaganda must recognize the growing desire of the peoples of Southeast Asia, as they gain political consciousness, to coalesce along lines of cultural affinity.

The Malays of Malaya had already under the British begun to question a system which considered the people of one river valley a political unit distinct from those in the next. By a natural extension of this process they will be unwilling to remain forever divided from other Malaysian peoples, particularly those of the Indies. (They would probably exclude the inhabitants of the northern Philippines, who though of Malay blood do not share the same culture.) What is more, in antiquity most Malays did form a single prosperous nation, the history of which is now well authenticated. Unfortunately not we but the Japanese decided to remind them of this fascinating point. If now we wish to offer the peoples of this region something better than the Japanese fiction we must not seek to perpetuate the haphazard patchwork of empire.

An essential part of our propaganda, if Japan's psychological warfare is to be effectively combated, must be exposure of the enemy's false promises. We must show that while the Japanese preach nationalism and independence they practice imperialistic absorption. How else is to be explained their corruption of Buddhism and even of Christianity and Islam into some form of Shinto, with the intention of fostering spiritual allegiance to the Japanese emperor, or their attempt to impose Japanese culture by rewriting local laws, using the Japanese language in the schools, and opening Japanese "halls of culture" in the cities?

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But the definite offer of real freedom is the one United Nations move that the Japanese propagandists really fear. That was evident in the reaction of the Tokyo radio to President Roosevelt's pledge to the Philippines. Deep consternation was thinly veiled beneath an announced intention to hasten the coming of Philippine independence "under the guidance of Japan." Less than two months later the Japanese set up a puppet republic, with José P. Laurel, a Filipino collaborationist, as its President.

To counteract the effect of such moves the Western powers should make public a time-table stating definitely when the various peoples of Southeast Asia will receive full freedom after the reconquest, the dates to be determined by the degree of their political advancement. Ultimately, of course, the question of boundaries must be taken up. The time-table should be guaranteed by the Asiatic group among the United Nations, leadership of which has been earned by China in this war. After this has been done, the other nations should seek the aid of China in impressing the sincerity of their purpose on the peoples to be liberated from Japan.

Diary of the Future

BY VERNON BARTLETT

II. Peace Breaks Out

JULY 18. To all intents and purposes the war is over. There is a good deal of fighting going on in the Erzgebirge and Sudetenland generally. The Czechs have been magnificent here, although they are virtually unarmed. They attack the Germans with spades, scythes, or bare fists. German divisions are also holding out in the Eiffel and the Black Forest. There has still been no formal surrender. Not one word has come over the radio for nearly a week to suggest whether Himmler, Ribbentrop and company still control the government, or even whether there is a government to control. The contradictions in their radio programs are fantastic.

France is now entirely free. Proclamation yesterday from the Committee of National Liberation in Algiers that elections will be held within three months for a new Constituent Assembly. The committee will transfer itself to Paris before the end of the week.

July 19. Berlin is in Allied hands. This was announced in a special broadcast by the Prime Minister before the 1 p. m. news. Armored cars reached the city's outskirts from the south and southwest before dawn. At about the same time gliders landed at the Tempelhofer Field and other airfields near Berlin. They took over all government buildings without much trouble.

Believe it or not, State Secretary Meissner turned up at the German War Office to welcome the commander-in-chief of the Allied forces. Meissner has been doing jobs of this kind, irrespective of the political color of his boss, ever since he was appointed by Ebert, first President of the German Republic. The most astonishing political chameleon in history, he seems to be the only minister who has stuck to his post.

Revolutionary committees have been established in Kiel, Hamburg, Danzig, and some towns in the Ruhr. Trouble among the armed forces seems to have begun in Kiel, as it did at the end of the last war. One sailor broadcast tonight from Hamburg and called on all men in the armed forces to arrest their officers and to form Workers' and Soldiers' Councils.

Just after listening to this man I turned the knob on my set and heard Admiral Räder telling the German people that the war had been lost and further resistance was useless. As one might have anticipated, he insisted that, once again, civilian morale had not stood up to the strain. The Reichswehr, he said, had not been defeated but had withdrawn, partly in order to avoid further useless casualties inflicted by an enemy with great superiority in all arms, and partly to give this enemy no excuse for doing further damage to historic German towns. He ended his broadcast with an assurance that the day of Germany's recovery and revenge would dawn. When he had finished, the band played "Deutschland über Alles." It also began the Nazi hymn, the "Horst Wessel Lied," but there was the sound of some kind of altercation, and the program came to an abrupt end.

July 21. At last a man has come forward to form a government in Germany, and if he is allowed to do so I hope every Allied government in Europe collapses. It ought to, for the man is that stupid and conceited man Ribbentrop. He has the collaboration of that other poor and unprincipled creature von Papen, and of a number of little-known generals. These men are in hiding somewhere, it is believed in the Black Forest, and they submitted their document—their terms, one might almost say—to the Allied High Commissioner's office in Berlin.

The document has the nerve to begin with all the old nonsense about the necessity of building a barrier between Communist Russia and the rest of Europe. It goes on to emphasize that the reluctance of responsible persons to form a government in Germany is a danger to the

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whole continent and "threatens civilization with disintegration." Ribbentrop claims that he worked with Hitler only in the hope of guiding his great energies and power into peaceful channels, and points out that in the great purge of June 30, 1934, Papen's closest friends and collaborators were murdered by the Nazis. This is supposed to show not that Papen is a moral coward but that he has never been a whole-hearted Nazi.

Then comes the inevitable reference to the army's lack of interest in politics, with the reminder that it was for years the opponent of Hitler. The generals, it is insisted, were against his reoccupation of the Rhineland, his campaign against the Czechs, and his attack upon the Soviet Union. The members of the government, or proposed government, hint that they are all gentlemen, with standards of behavior very different from those of the Nazis, the Communists, or, it is implied, the Socialists. They would gladly cooperate with the Allied forces but would, of course, need to be left with sufficient armaments under their control to enable them to keep order.

July 22. Jan Masaryk spoke up in behalf of the smaller nations today at the United Nations Committee in St. James's Palace. He quoted from articles in the American press hinting that the State Department would have very little time to consult individual European governments, and that those which most conformed to American views would get most help. Masaryk wanted to know whether these articles represented British and American opinion. He was given the usual diplomatic answer, and expressed his opinion of it with his usual refreshing frankness.

The truth is that Hitler has done two incompatible things to Europeans. He has united them by economic measures and by common suffering, but at the same time he has encouraged their acute sense of nationalism by trying to crush it by force. The Norwegians have developed a new sense of unity with the Yugoslavs, the Belgians with the Poles, as they have heard how hardships similar to their own have been inflicted on people way on the farther side of Europe. But these people have also had to suffer so much because they *were* Poles or Belgians or Norwegians or Yugoslavs that their national pride is much stronger than it was.

This is where Americans may make a blunder that might easily wreck the peace conference. Ever since their intervention in the De Gaulle-Giraud business they have failed to pay attention to the sensibilities of these Europeans, whose diversity of culture is responsible for the contributions they have made to civilization.

July 23. Himmler has reached Argentina. His machine was refueled in Spain and again somewhere in West Africa. It is not yet known how so important a person, even though he carried fake papers, escaped recognition in Brazil. The Foreign Office is extremely worried about the problem of extradition. Public opinion will certainly demand the surrender of such a prominent war criminal, but nobody quite knows what will happen if the Argentine government refuses to give him up. Bill Stoneman and other American newspapermen believe the United States, as leading promoter of the Pan-American Union, would be opposed to the use of pressure on Argentina.

Lunched at the Belle-Meunière with Dr. Negrín and Pablo de Azcárate, Prime Minister and Ambassador in the last government in Spain in any way elected by the people—and therefore the only government to which, without interfering in Spanish affairs, we could turn when the Franco regime disappears.

The conversation turned on a debate yesterday in Parliament in which a small group of members did less than no good by making a fuss about the bases leased to America by Britain, and about the American press campaign for more bases in other parts of the world. Surprisingly strong opinions were expressed about Gibraltar. No Spaniard, not even a Spaniard with so international a point of view as that of Negrín or Azcárate, likes the British occupation of Gibraltar. But I was surprised by the violence of Azcárate's reaction when it was suggested that the United States and Great Britain—with the Soviet Union and China a little in the background—should control Gibraltar among other bases which must be internationally controlled if an International Police Force is to do a proper job.

Azcárate wasn't in the least anti-American, but he didn't see why the United States, any more than any other country outside Europe or Africa, should control the entrance to the Mediterranean. He would rather have the present regime continue than have Gibraltar under the control of two great powers instead of one. His argument favored, rather, a full association of the smaller powers in any international arrangement.

Raymond Daniell of the New York *Times* was dining at a neighboring table and joined us for coffee. He pointed out, with a little justifiable bitterness, that a lot of us Europeans who had grumbled in the past because the United States paid too little attention to the affairs of the rest of the world now grumbled because the United States was paying too much attention to them.

A blunt reply has been broadcast to Ribbentrop and his buddies. The governments of the United States and Great Britain, in consultation with those of the other European United Nations, have no intention of dealing in any way with men whose crimes against mankind are so many and so appalling. They are fully prepared to govern Germany themselves, if need be, until a new generation of Germans is able to take over control.

This announcement was broadcast and published this morning. It is encouragingly precise, but some of the effect of this precision was destroyed by one or two comments in Parliament suggesting that the nation is not united in rejecting all dealings with men like Ribbentrop.

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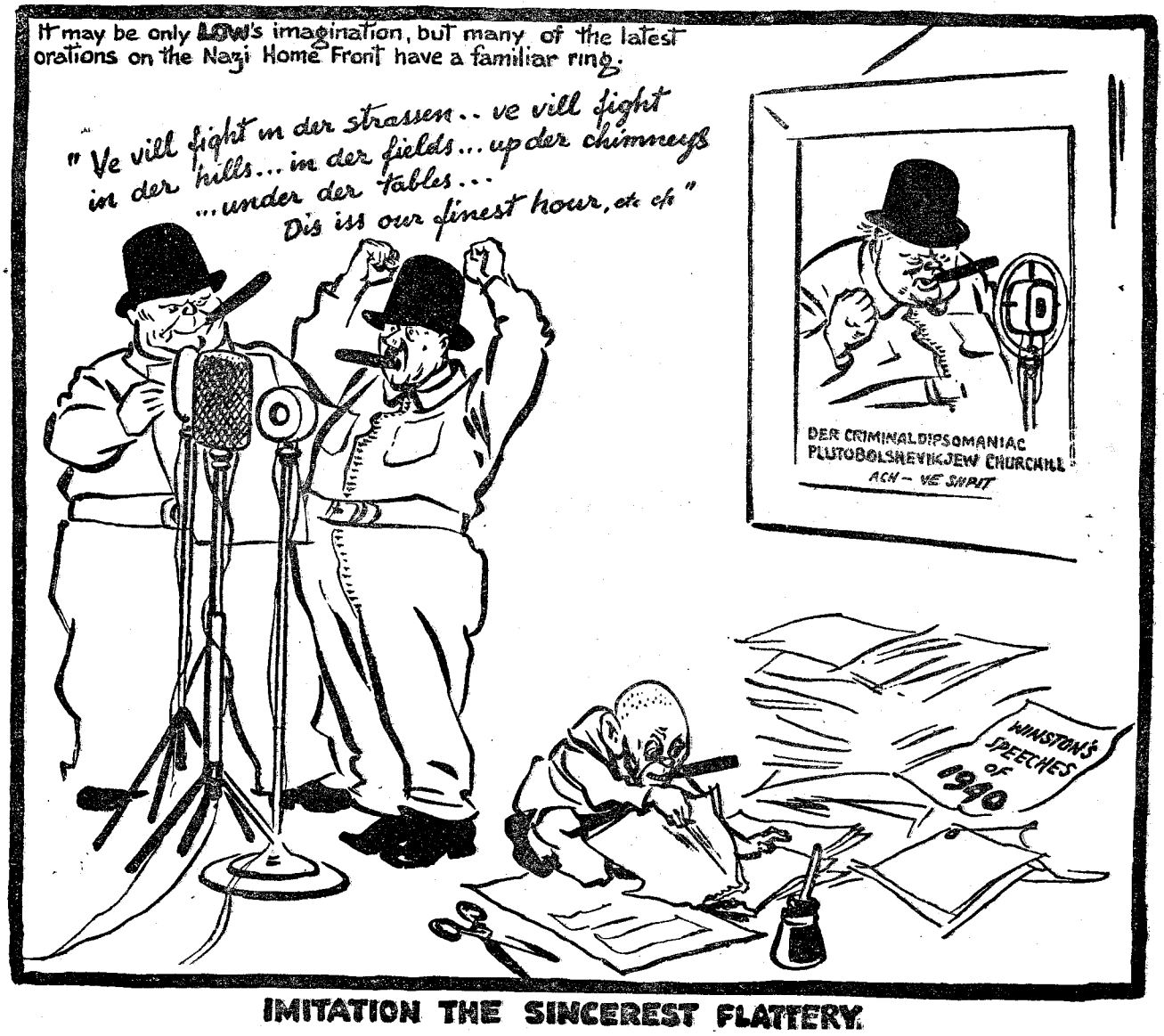
This evening's papers announced that, as the result of a raid carried out by American troops based on Strasbourg, Ribbentrop, Papen, and seventeen important Reichswehr officers have been arrested. So much for that stupid, arrogant man!

July 29. Went today to Bloomsbury House, hitherto headquarters of the German refugees in Britain, and found the place a pandemonium. This is the result of the report in the morning papers that all refugees are to be sent back to the land of their birth. Shinwell, in a question yesterday in the House of Commons, had failed to get a convincing denial of the report, and this doubtless added to a panic already encouraged by letters and editorials in some of the Tory papers.

Many of the refugees hope to go back to Germany, but they want to hear much more about conditions on the Continent before they return to it. On the other hand, a lot of the refugees hope never to return to Germany, because their memories of their last few years there are so bitter. On the whole, the older people want to stay here; the younger people are prepared to get back into the political struggle to make Germany a country fit for democrats to live in. It seems pretty beastly that a few members of Parliament and some papers should start a campaign to rob these people of their free choice. Apart from everything else, there is enough confusion in Europe already without sending thousands more people to add to it.

The Soviet attitude is becoming much clearer, but not more reassuring. Russian armies intend to control territory from Danzig to Istanbul. Among the secret documents of the czarist regime published by Trotsky after the Bolshevik revolution was one claiming that Russian territory should stretch westward as far as the River Oder, and some people believe that Stalin has that claim in mind. As the Russian army is the only organized and disciplined set of men in Eastern Europe, this advance presents no real difficulty. Some American papers have gone so far as to suggest that Anglo-American troops should get there first, but most of the forces in Europe and the Mediterranean are British, and no British government could possibly push them into war against Russia. Great Britain and Russia cannot afford to quarrel, and the smaller nations of Europe would be the first to suffer if they did.


It may be only LOW's imagination, but many of the latest orations on the Nazi Home Front have a familiar ring.
"Ve vill fight in der strassen... ve vill fight in der hills... in der fields... up der chimneys ...under der tables... Dis iss our finest hour, etc etc"
DER CRIMINALDIPSOMANIAC PLUTOBOLSHEVIKJEW CHURCHILL
ACH – VE SHPIT
WINSTON'S SPEECHES OF 1940

IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY

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But it is not at all certain the Russians want to keep the territory they have occupied. Their emphasis on Free Rumanian, Free Bulgarian, and Free Hungarian movements suggests that they don't, but that they do not intend to have hostile governments in neighboring territories. Above all in Hungary, where a revolution has been overdue for a generation, the British and American negotiation with the same old bunch of land-owning aristocrats has aroused the liveliest Russian suspicions. The Anglo-Saxons have even dug out men as discredited as Tibor Eckhardt and as old as Count Bethlen.

In the Far East Soviet policy is rather more involved. Those few but fairly influential Englishmen and Americans who used to argue that there was no great hurry to open up a second front in 1943, because the Russians and the Germans were rather conveniently killing each other off, are now hoist with their own petard. Russians are now said to be telling themselves that Japan will be defeated, anyhow, and that it won't do any harm if the other United Nations suffer fairly numerous casualties in the process.

July 30. There's hell to pay. Serious rioting took place on Sunday in the Ruhr. Most of it was probably spontaneous, since the whole area has been terribly knocked about in air raids and a good many workers who had been transferred to work in factories in Austria and Czechoslovakia are now coming back to their native soil and are shocked by the state it is in.

There has been a lot of sporadic rioting in the last month, but this was much more serious. The Workers' and Soldiers' Council in Essen had stated in advance that resolutions would be passed at a demonstration denouncing the great industrialist families—Krupp von Bohlen, Thyssen, and so on; and it was clear that trouble was likely. But the same old division of responsibility between Allied military and civilian authorities stood in the way of sensible precautionary action. No warning was given in advance of any demonstration, and consequently nothing was done to limit its scope. Then, when it got really out of hand and began setting fire to the mansions of these Ruhr millionaires, Allied troops were called out. In the end they did what any troops would have done in similar circumstances: they turned their machine-guns on the crowd. And ill luck would have it that the troops in this case were Americans.

The effect in Washington has been instantaneous. The isolationists, the Russophobes, the Russophiles, the progressives, and the Anglophobes all seem to be united in criticizing the American Administration. American boys should be brought home instead of becoming involved in Europe's civil wars is the main isolationist argument. The Russophobes lay emphasis on the rumor that the demonstration was encouraged from Moscow. The Russophiles and the progressives generally are disgusted that Americans should be using machine-guns to defend German industrialists who have been the originators of two world wars. The Anglophobes trot out the old argument about the wily British Premier who has persuaded the guileless American President to play a dominating part in Europe while American boys are dying in the South Pacific.

[*The third instalment of Mr. Bartlett's diary will appear next week.*]

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

IF IT IS TO BE a Junker peace, if the essential, underlying principles of the President's fourteen peace terms are not to be accepted, the world will go on in the same old stupid way—headed, as Mr. Asquith has just said, for destruction. . . . The more is the pity that Mr. Wilson has made the great blunder of allowing his dull and narrow Postmaster General, his narrower Attorney General, and all the other agencies under his control, to suppress adequate discussion of the war and of peace aims. . . . At the very moment of his extremest trial our liberal forces are by his own act scattered, silenced, disorganized, some in prison. If he loses his great fight for humanity it will be because he was deliberately silent when freedom of speech and the right of conscience were struck down in America.—*November 2, 1918.*

THE RESULTS OF THE ELECTION are specially gratifying to the suffragists. . . . The prohibitionists also will derive encouragement from the returns.—*November 16, 1918.*

NOW THAT REAL REVOLUTION is threatening or under way in Austria-Hungary and Germany, our conservatives have suddenly become alarmed at a process which is the inevitable result of the war we have been witnessing.—*November 16, 1918.*

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS the American public was kept in a state of agitation by reports of a "general massacre of all the upper classes" of Russia on the night of November 10. . . . The hideous affair was pre-described, commented upon editorially, and, save for the practical details of execution, carried through by the press before the fateful day arrived. . . . The only action of the Bolsheviki . . . was a general order "giving amnesty to all arrested hostages and persons alleged to be involved in plots against the Soviets except those whose detention is deemed necessary as a guaranty for the security of the Bolsheviki who have fallen into enemy hands." Not one newspaper copied this report. Having accomplished the massacre it might have seemed inconsistent to bring the dead to life, as well as weakening to the lavishly documented case against the Bolsheviki.—*November 23, 1918.*

THE SEMI-OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT that President Wilson proposes to attend the peace conference has elicited a variety of opinions from newspapers and public men. The published expressions of opinion seem to be, on the whole, unfavorable to Mr. Wilson's plan. It is pointed out by critics that it would be an unprecedented thing for a President to cross the ocean or to attend an international conference.—*November 23, 1918.*

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Tax Idle Savings!

BY GEORGE RICHMOND WALKER

WHEN Stuart Chase advocates taxing idle money—"defrosting uninvested savings," as he puts it—it is a simple case of dog biting man (no offense to Mr. Chase). But when Eric Johnston, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, comes out with the same suggestion, that is a case of man biting dog. It's news; it's good tidings; the world should sit up and take notice.

Perhaps Mr. Johnston would change his mind if he carefully considered the implications of his words. However, he did say in the September *Reader's Digest* that the government "needs to turn around and say to every investment dollar: If you stay idle, you pay *full* taxes." When asked specifically whether that meant he was advocating a tax on idle investment funds, he replied that this interpretation was correct.

In considering a tax on idle money it should be said at the outset that the tax is not a sudden bright idea of the money reformers. It is not, indeed, a money reform at all but a basic modification of the structure of capitalism. The economic theory which explains and justifies it stems from Adam Smith and comes down through Malthus, Proudhon, and Gesell; it is a line of thought that has run parallel to orthodox capitalist and socialist economic theories almost from the beginning, and offers an alternative to both. Probably Mr. Johnston is not aware of this, but no matter. He believes in a dynamic and competitive system of private enterprise, and he has perceived that such a system cannot function if capitalists are permitted to withdraw from economic activity—at will, for as long as they please, and without penalty.

The economists of capitalism, including even Keynes and Hansen, have assumed without question that investment must be induced by the expectation of profit. If investment outlets are insufficient, or if there is dissatisfaction with political or economic conditions, then capitalists have the privilege of holding their funds idle. But when they do so, the consequence is depression. As the investment of capital provides employment and expands the plant and equipment of industry, so the refusal to invest causes business stagnation.

Consider what this means. It means that those few who own or control investment funds have the power to prevent the expansion of industry. It means that they have the power to employ labor but *no responsibility for employment.* It means that holding as they do the threat of depression in their hands, they can coerce or frustrate the will of the majority, block reforms, and wear down a liberal Administration. The right to hoard investment funds is thus clearly anti-democratic and inconsistent with the successful operation of a private-enterprise economy. To deny the right would not mean a decrease but an enormous increase in economic freedom, for economic freedom means the opportunity to live, to work, and to produce and not the privilege of denying this opportunity to others.

Professor Hansen's scheme of public works, which forms the core of the National Resources Planning Board's post-war program, would not cure the evils of capitalism but would tend rather to preserve them. To capitalists he says in effect: "You may continue to save as much as you please; you may continue to limit your investments in private industry at the point where they yield the most profit; and you may invest your surplus savings in government bonds at a rate of interest that is satisfactory to you." The privilege of not investing would remain untouched, and therefore all political and economic factors would still have to be ordered to the satisfaction of capitalists, for otherwise they would invest neither in industry nor in government bonds. And again the consequence would be depression.

Industry itself, however honest its intentions or however carefully it plans, cannot solve the problem of unemployment, for industry cannot provide employment beyond its ability to sell the goods that its workers produce. The sales of industry depend upon consumer expenditure and capital expenditure. To the extent that income is saved, consumer expenditure is reduced; and unless the savings are promptly invested, the sales of industry, and likewise employment, will necessarily decline. Thus the power to employ rests ultimately with the individuals and business concerns having funds available for investment.

A tax on investment funds, although it would leave many problems unsolved, would transform the face of our economy. Imagine capitalists eagerly searching for outlets for their funds and gladly accepting whatever rate of return they could get! Imagine the effect upon monopoly control of prices if small and medium-sized industrial concerns could readily borrow the funds needed for expansion! Imagine the effect on business in general if producers knew that all the money paid out by industry in costs and profits would return promptly to buy the goods and services produced!

If the suggested tax were now in effect, the Treasury

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could borrow the funds it needs to finance the war without further recourse to banks and without any of the nagging, the parades, or the ballyhoo. People would rather buy 1 per cent bonds than pay a tax on their idle funds.

And after the war the tax would have these highly beneficial effects:

1. It would act as a continuing stimulus to spending and investment. A tax on idle capital, like a tax on land, would discourage its being held out of use.

2. It would cause a rise in the price of outstanding securities, real estate, and other capital assets, and thereby reduce their yields. A point of equilibrium would be reached when the yield from existing assets equaled the rate of return that could be secured from new capital investment, with risk factors taken into account.

3. With the rise in the value of existing assets the proceeds of capital-gain and estate taxes would be greatly increased.

4. Security markets would become stabilized and speculation would diminish. Flights from securities into cash and from cash back into securities would no longer be profitable.

5. Saving in excess of the demand for new capital would be discouraged; the ratio of spending to saving would increase; the effective demand for the products of industry would be maintained.

6. Funds could be borrowed at low rates by towns and cities and spent on municipal improvements; low interest rates would also stimulate private housing.

7. The rate of turnover of demand deposits would rise and become stabilized; the volume of money could then be effectively controlled with the view of preventing both inflation and deflation; changes in the volume of money could no longer be offset and nullified by changes in its velocity.

8. And, finally, the system of private enterprise would function at or near the level of full production and employment, and there would be much less need for public spending and for bureaucratic controls.

A tax on money hoarding would not destroy capitalism; on the contrary, it would release its creative energies. The tax *would* destroy the predatory power of capitalists to prevent an expansion of industry and to maintain an economy of high prices, low wages, and scarcity. The problems of a dynamic economy would remain with us, but not the general problem of economic stagnation.

If these results are desirable, from a liberal point of view, then a tax on funds available for investment should be item number one on a liberal program for the post-war world.

[*A second article by Mr. Walker, explaining the mechanism of a tax on savings, will appear in an early issue.*]

In the Wind

A "GOVERNMENT GIRL" in Washington reports the following incident as a drastic introductory lesson in Yugoslav politics. Meeting an attaché of the Yugoslav government in exile at a Washington party, she made small talk by asking an innocent question about the Croat problem. "Croats!" cried the eminent Yugoslav, looking as if he were on the verge of apoplexy. "Croats! You want to talk about us, and you talk about our enemies!"

THIS SCRAP OF CONVERSATION was overheard recently in a New York department store long known for the care with which it selected its employees and the terror of dismissal in which it kept them. Customer: "I'll report this to the manager!" Salesgirl: "So what? So they'll fire me. So what!"

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK, by the Colorado State Chamber of Commerce: "If Americans learn nothing from this war, it will be the full meaning of the word taxes."

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT: A store in Columbus, Ohio, advertises a Russian shako adorned with a large pearl, twenty-four sapphires, twenty-eight diamonds, and six rubies, for $1,750.

PAUL J. O'CONNOR, Florida's deputy commissioner of internal revenue, favors a federal sales tax as easier to collect than the 20,000 delinquent income-tax accounts on his books. "It looks like those 1942 taxes are going to have to be forgotten," he told the Miami Beach Lions Club, "because the cost of locating the people and collecting the taxes will be prohibitive."

THE CRITICAL FACULTY: The *Commonweal* finds James T. Farrell's "My Days of Anger" a good book, but adds this note of caution: "It contains very coarse language. As the reader will gather from any review of this book in any paper, Catholic or not, its place is on the reserved list."

FESTUNG EUROPA: Der Neue Tag, a German newspaper published in Prague, comments on morale: "In no small measure we ourselves are responsible for our nerves failing. We are not hard enough against ourselves because we trust no favorable forces any more." . . . French workers being deported to Germany have been reaching out of the windows and chalking on the cars, "Vive De Gaulle! We are not volunteers." . . . A Nazi paper in Bratislava complains that the Slovakian Jews "each day, after hearing 'good news,' walk in the streets with smiling faces, thus undermining the people's morale; and many Slovakian officials, under pressure of events, become wavering and begin to talk in a cowardly manner of humanity and to condemn anti-Jewish measures."

[*The $5 prize for the best item received in October goes to the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union for the story of the arrest of one of its organizers on a charge of impersonating a federal officer. The item appeared October 9.*]

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The Greek United Front

BY BASIL J. VLAVIANOS

THE news from Greece is extremely confused. Various contradictory reports have appeared in the American press, most of them garbled and misleading. News emanating from Egypt and the Near East is distorted by a ruthless censorship, which seems designed primarily to stifle the truth about the nature of the Greek resistance. The reason for this is simple: publication of the truth would create an atmosphere unfavorable to the return of King George II to his country. Consequently, foreign correspondents in Egypt must either cable nothing at all or repeat the confused and generally inaccurate stories furnished them by the supporters of the King.

Recently we have been told that Greece is divided, that the guerrilla leaders are fighting each other, and that the King and the British authorities have shouldered the burden of appeasing them. The truth is quite different. Small clashes, provoked by royalist propaganda, have been greatly exaggerated by groups interested in foisting the King upon a "divided" Greece. Actually, the Greeks as a whole are united in their struggle against both foreign and domestic tyrants. They are striving to liberate themselves from the German and Bulgarian yoke and to prevent the reestablishment of Greek fascism under George II.

Their unity is clearly reflected in a moving report which I received some weeks ago from the head of a delegation sent to Egypt by the National Liberation Front and other underground organizations. This report, signed by Elias T. Tsirimokos, former member of the Greek Parliament and now general secretary of the Union for Popular Democracy, one of the groups forming the Liberation Front, describes the struggle against the invader as "the hardest and most beautiful ever undertaken by the Greek people."

The National Liberation Front (E. A. M.) was created one month after Germany's invasion of Greece to coordinate the activities of various popular factions, patriotic organizations, and civilian movements. Its aims may be summarized as, first, liberation of the country from the foreign occupation, and, second, establishment of a popular government after the liberation. It keeps up resistance to the invader by organizing armed struggle in the countryside and hostile demonstrations in the cities. The Greek people's support of the Liberation Front is their reaction to the misery, starvation, and moral degradation to which they have been subjected.

In the first year of the occupation, 1941-42, the chief concern of the Greek people was to escape destruction by starvation. People could not even obtain rationed bread. Owing to the inflation and the scarcity of foodstuffs, Tsirimokos said in his report, wages and the salaries of public officials were "nothing but wages of death and starvation." But in spite of the widespread misery the spirit of opposition and the strength of the popular movement grew day by day. Demonstrations of open revolt against the conqueror were staged, general strikes were called, and political warfare was carried on by every possible means.

On March 5, 1942, for instance, the news that citizens were to be drafted for compulsory work was the occasion of an enormous demonstration, organized in twenty-four hours, in Athens and Piraeus. About 250,000 people gathered at designated places and marched in the streets for many hours, despite the violent intervention of the Italian police. Many persons were killed and wounded, but the draft was frustrated.

Another important manifestation of resistance took place on July 22, 1943, when the expansion of the Bulgarian occupation in Macedonia became known. The Germans had declared that they would resort to unusual force to put down militant demonstrations. Only a few weeks before, they had executed 106 men for participating in one. However, more than 300,000 Athenians gathered that day to protest against the Bulgarian occupation, ignoring German bullets, hand grenades, and tanks.

It is known, from Tsirimokos's and other authentic reports, that as the result of successful guerrilla fighting a large section of Greece is today free and self-governed. Only the big cities, where the Germans maintain their garrisons, and the roads leading to the border are controlled by the invaders. Under the surveillance of guerrilla and underground organizations freely elected communal councils administer the country. Free Greece is living "under the most democratic laws the Greek people have ever known."

The National Liberation Front, or E. A. M., is the largest as well as the oldest of the Greek underground movements. Its army is known as the Greek Liberation Army, or E. L. A. S. Among other guerrilla units are the Greek National Democratic Army, or E. D. E. S., and the National and Social Liberation Group, or E. K. K. A. All have fought heroically against the incomparably superior forces of the enemy. The Allied command in

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NOT BLUM, BUT STALIN

Everybody remembers that from 1936 to 1938 the slogan of the haute bourgeoisie *in France was "Better Hitler than Blum." Some weeks ago during the height of the Russian advance there appeared chalked on the walls in one of the most conservative towns of France a new variant on the old theme: "You didn't want Blum; now you have Stalin." In this small episode is crystallized the political meaning of the last decade. The conservatives who saw in every popular movement, from the moderate socialism of Léon Blum to Roosevelt's New Deal, the specter of Moscow now face Moscow as an indisputable reality—the strongest force in Europe today.*

the Middle East, with which the Greek guerrillas are connected, has repeatedly expressed the warmest admiration for their achievements. But the guerrillas are strongly opposed to the King, who gave impetus to the Greek fascist dictatorship. And this opposition is responsible for the systematic concealment of underground activities by the government in exile. Just as the truth about Tito's Partisans in Yugoslavia was suppressed, so the deeds of the Greek guerrillas, united in their opposition to King George II, have been relegated to obscurity by the propaganda of His Hellenic Majesty.

The "civil strife" in Greece of which we read, to the extent to which it exists, is instigated by royalist agents. Tsirimokos openly denounced the King's methods in his report: "The whole movement of liberation has not only been ignored; it has been obstructed by agents sent to Greece. Abroad, calumny has characterized the aims of the heroic fighters for freedom as wicked and anarchistic." The idea of the King and his supporters is to win over, by any means at their disposal, one or more of the guerrilla leaders in order to divide the opposition and to substantiate their claim that anarchy would follow the elimination of the monarchy. They have been working zealously for months and months, and are still working, toward that end. On June 11, 1943, the London *Tribune* said that division among the Greek forces might result from this lamentable policy. The Greek liberals in this country issued a similar warning.

Owing to the censorship no one here is in a position to know how far King George's divisive propaganda has succeeded. But on August 10 the British managed to smuggle out of Greece and to bring to Egypt a delegation representing the Greek guerrilla and underground movement. This delegation was composed of three former members of the Greek Parliament—two of the Liberal and one of the former Royalist Party—one Independent Democrat, one Conservative, and one Communist. All these men are prominent in the groups which are resisting the German and Bulgarian occupation and supporting the cause of the United Nations. Some belong to the E. A. M., others to the E. D. E. S. or the E. K. K. A, that is, to the organizations which, according to the correspondent of the New York *Times,* are engaged in bitter internal strife.

Not the slightest sign of any dissension among them has been apparent since they arrived in Egypt. Not only have they reached a complete accord with the military authorities in the Middle East on how better to synchronize the efforts of the guerrillas with those of the Allied forces, but they have worked closely together in trying to solve the Greek political problem.

On August 17, 1943, the delegation, together with Mr. Exintaris, the accredited representative of all the Greek parties—except the Communists—in the last Parliament of 1936, and Mr. Kanellopoulos, who resigned last March as Vice-President of the government in exile, signed a letter to the Prime Minister, Mr. Tsouderos. It declared that "for the sake of national unity, which alone insures the success of the national struggle and the normal development of the country, it is necessary that it be announced that the King will not return to Greece before the people have decided on the form of government." On receipt of the letter the Prime Minister immediately called a meeting of the Cabinet, and after a long discussion all the ministers, including the Prime Minister himself, one of the King's most devoted adherents, decided to pledge themselves to support the demand expressed in the letter and to inform the King of their decision.

Instead of making the required declaration, which any man of good faith would unhesitatingly have done, the King refused. Ignoring the Greek constitution once more and the political rules which require the King to follow the advice of his ministers as long as he keeps them in office, he retired to Lebanon "for reasons of health."

This story was kept strictly secret from the American and British public until the Greek *National Herald* of New York published the Tsirimokos report, sent here through private channels. It is still impossible to obtain accurate information of what is actually happening in Egypt. George II has succeeded in withholding all news about the representatives of the Greek people and the attitude of his ministers, who have often seemed at variance with him. At the same time the most dubious stories have begun to circulate about alleged "civil strife" among the same guerrilla groups whose representatives are collaborating so closely and harmoniously in Egypt.

Mystery still shrouds the situation. But two things seem certain: first, that news about the civil war in Greece has been deliberately exaggerated; and, second, that any dissension among the guerrillas has been provoked chiefly by King George II and his supporters.

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Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

FROM time to time the German high command distributes a kind of circular letter headed "For the Information of the Officer Corps." Every officer receives a copy and with it instructions not to carry it into the front line. Nevertheless, Number 20, dated July, 1943, was found on an officer who had been taken prisoner.

Its contents make some interesting revelations. They show, for example, that listening to foreign broadcasts, which is so strongly condemned by the Nazi Party, has spread even to officers. In a detached, almost apologetic tone the circular says of this:

> Listening to foreign broadcasts will be punished by imprisonment. That is the order. There is only one course—absolute obedience. Equivocal obedience, obedience with "ifs" and "buts," obedience with reservations or reductions (once is practically never; the order need not be taken too literally; certainly music from a foreign station cannot do any harm), in short, any obedience that is qualified—well, that may be the fashion in the world today, but there is no such thing for German officers.

A further paragraph shows that older men in increasing numbers are filling up the ranks of the army. Officers are admonished to treat them properly:

> Older men are now joining us—factory workers, mechanics, shopkeepers, salesmen, office workers, motormen, men from all occupations. They are accustomed to seeing things run in a business-like, orderly, friendly way. Do we clearly understand that it is inadmissible—indeed, it would be idiocy—to subject such men to shouting and abuse from morning to night?

But the air-raid bombings are again the chief concern. Two weeks ago this column quoted from a circular that is given to German soldiers when they go home from the front on a furlough. Here is what is said to the officers on the same theme:

> Many soldiers nowadays go home with a heavy heart. It is the urgent duty of officers—one which must not be shirked—to have a serious, comforting talk with them before they leave. Hard shocks await these men at home. They will see such devastation as they have never known before. They will perhaps have to visit the graves of their families; or they will find that all their possessions have been destroyed. . . . Often they will learn that their families have been through harder times than soldiers who have seen heavy action.

Special care must be taken to keep soldiers who have been on leave from spreading scare stories among the troops. For this reason it is the duty of officers to "speak with every man on his return."

> When non-commissioned officers and men come back, they will have an urgent need to unburden themselves, to unload their worries, to get advice. The company commander should seize this opportunity to explain to them how wrong it would be to spread wild stories among their comrades. The reality is bad enough; any exaggeration is *a crime*. Above all, soldiers returning from leave must be told very forcefully that under no circumstances may news of this kind be communicated to the civil population of the occupied countries. That would be grossly prolonging the war.

Hitler has seldom made a speech without referring to his "fanatical" will or his "fanatical" faith. For years Germans were aware of this habit but were not especially struck by it. Strangely enough—as people's reactions are always strange—when he used the same word in the speech he made at the beginning of September, he seems to have scored a hit. It must have had a burlesque effect. For suddenly in popular speech he began to be called the *Oberfanatiker*, which means both "super-fanatic" and "top fanatic." It is reliably reported that in conversation people speak of him more and more not as the Führer but as the Oberfanatiker.

Hagen is a large industrial city in Westphalia. Near it is a camp for prisoners of war. When the city experienced one of the severest air raids at the end of September, some of the prisoners seized the opportunity to escape. On October 7 the Hagen newspapers and placard pillars carried an announcement by the mayor which is worthy of note. It informed the inhabitants that the authorities knew that a number of the fugitive prisoners were not only staying in the town but had been received into people's homes, where they were being concealed and fed. The mayor reminded the inhabitants that persons who thus helped the enemy made themselves liable to punishment by death. But the hosts of the escaped prisoners could not for a single moment have been in doubt about this fact, and that makes the whole episode the more remarkable.

The actualities of life in one of the destroyed German cities were pictured in the *Dagens Nyheter* of September 12 by a Swedish woman just back from Düsseldorf.

> Wherever I looked, whatever street I took, the same sight met my eyes—the fantastic forms taken by the pieces of house fronts still standing. The streets had been cleared, and people walked about like ghosts in a modern Pompeii. They lived in cellars, which were often intact though the house above had been destroyed. One frequently saw placards on the walls asking the salvage units not to dynamite the walls as the cellars were inhabited. The opera, the theater, and the hotels have been destroyed; the town's finest shopping street, the Schadowstrasse, is a heap of ruins.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Art of Pre-Columbian America

MEDIEVAL AMERICAN ART. By Pál Kelemen. The Macmillan Company. Two Volumes. $22.50.

WHEN land was discovered west of the Atlantic, the real shock to the European mind—which had always vaguely expected this discovery—was the realization that it was new land, unaccounted for in their philosophy. They evaded the shock by calling the natives "Indians," and by identifying them with the Lost Tribes of Israel or the survivors of Plato's Atlantis, and they were in general uninterested in asking what these people were really like. Nothing brings this fact home more clearly than the publication, after 450 years, of "the first book in any language to survey the achievements of all artistically important cultures in pre-Columbian America." It is interesting also that the European provincialism should still persist in the title of this book, as if you couldn't say anything more important about pre-Columbian art than that it coincided with the medieval period in Europe.

This impression is actually irrelevant, for the book as a whole is quite free of the condescension its title suggests. It is a simple, straightforward digest of the available archaeological information to date, an attempt to assemble a continuous picture out of our scattered bits of knowledge. Anyone who has tried for himself to sift through the writings of archaeologists and anthropologists and historians, each one concentrated on his own interests and locale, will appreciate what this means, and how fine a job has been done. At times the account slips into the natural dulness of the textbook, but for the most part it is so astonishingly good that one is tempted to leave criticism for praise. It is lucid and inclusive, simple enough for the general reader but solid enough to be useful to the student as well, and it is abundantly illustrated. The importance of such a book can hardly be exaggerated.

An important book must be judged stringently, however. This is especially true of books on art, and of books on American art, for they are uncommon and desperately needed. Grateful as we are for a study like this, we have a responsibility to measure it against the ideal. The quality of the plates, to begin with, is still not good enough—they are still not up to the level of the Propyläen-Kunstgeschichte series of pre-war Germany, for example. Some really bad photographs—Stela H at Copán, for one, and the gold Quimbayo pendant from Cleveland—reproductions from Maudslay's half-tones, and merely routine views of such sculpture as that at Quiriguá, good enough for identification but in no sense demonstrating its peculiar aesthetic quality, are disappointing in a volume so impressive. If you are writing about art, your reproductions have to be good enough to speak for themselves. On the other hand, one must be grateful for the quantity—there are more than 900 illustrations. And although there are certain curious omissions, such as the columned hall at Mitla, the dynamic kneeling figures fronting structure 11 at Copán—of which good photographs do exist—and the more humane Mexican heads, the choice is remarkably comprehensive.

Perhaps the primary criticism of the text is that so much of it is given over to a mere detailed description of the illustrations, item by item; so that it is rather a catalogue than a text and might more happily have been arranged as such, in juxtaposition to the plates. The lack of any generalizing interpretation to orient the reader amounts at times to scholarly negligence. Thus in the section on Andean weaving it is impossible to get a clear idea of the sequence of periods, of the relationships in time of the various sites, or of the relation of styles and motifs to periods and sites. Terminology is used freely without definition. We read on one page of an "embroidery from the Ica Valley in Nazca style," and on the next, of a fabric of "the Ica period, from the Nazca Valley." I am aware that this inadequacy derives from the author's sources, and that it is hardly just to criticize him for their carelessness. One can, however, give a clear statement even of confusion.

And is it too much to expect that the author will contribute something to his material? Ideally the writer on art does two things: he points to the object so that the reader will really see it, and he interprets it in such a way that this isolated thing will fall into a universal scheme of aesthetic values. It is perhaps in this last respect that our text is least fruitful. Not that the author hesitates to take an aesthetic attitude: the most valuable thing about the book is that it does present as art what has too often been seen as merely anthropological material. The critical attitude, however, is singularly unconsidered and inarticulate. Although he deprecates the fact that "our civilization tends to evaluate an art by the way it depicts the human figure," and insists that different ideals of personal beauty should be recognized, he fails to indicate any permanent artistic qualities to which such varieties of taste in human features or in architectural decoration are subsidiary. There is almost no reference to qualities of material or characteristics of design. That passion for mass, compactness, and the weight of the stone which constitutes a basic sculptural attitude is never defined in speaking of Aztec sculpture. He comments that the faces on the Mochica and Chimu pots "have nothing either cruel or exaggerated about them"—but what does that mean? These portraits are the contradiction of the easy generalization that "the Indians were not interested in realism," and the author makes no effort to explore their significance. Perhaps that sort of exploration is too much to ask for in the first book that even gets the material together; but it does make the difference between an able, intelligent survey and a really valuable contribution to the field.

This book shows pretty well what is known about the pre-Columbian art of the Americas. It shows that there are things worth looking at and wondering about. Even more,

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it shows us how much is not known—implying the rich buried cities of Mexico, the Peruvian coast still honeycombed with tombs. Here is an original and romantic civilization, philosophically the richest proving-ground for definitions of culture—and this the first book in more than four centuries to attempt a serious appraisal of its art. Even if it were not so good a foundation stone, Mr. Keleman's book would be important as a challenge. ELIZABETH WILDER

The Countess Draws a Blank

MEET MR. BLANK. By Countess Waldeck. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THE Mr. Blank you are invited to meet is Herr X, leader of the Germans after Hitler. Who on earth will this Mr. Blank be? If you want to know, meet Countess Waldeck. She leads you past the dummies of everyone who could possibly be considered and says quite impartially: This might be the one; that one is unlikely; this one is out of the question. Finally she abandons her impartiality and says: This one would be best.

Of course Countess Waldeck is personally acquainted with nearly all the possible Mr. Blanks. She talked with Fritz Thyssen once in a sanitarium and with Prince Louis Ferdinand, grandson of the Kaiser, in the New York house of an American writer—pardon me, of a famous American writer. Thus she knows which of the gentlemen have charm and which have not. Take Schacht, for example; "the moment he begins to talk one finds he has charm." Fat, jovial Göring "has charmed practically everyone who has come in contact with him." Otto Strasser has a "civilized charm." Even when one discovers, after more careful analysis, that she did not know the gentleman personally, she appears extremely well informed. Field Marshal Rommel—one of her possible Blanks—has a "puckish charm." Yes, and she knows the character of each one, and his secret ideas, and little anecdotes about him, authentic or not. Mixed in with all this are political reflections and theses some of which are not unintelligent. And mixed in also are seemingly erudite historical analogies and illustrations, derived in many cases from unknown sources. For example, she says that Foch thought the men who signed the capitulation of 1918 were representative of a new and chastened Germany. Known sources—namely, the memoranda which Foch wrote down from the very first—show the opposite.

In itself all this would not call for much comment. When you read this book, it seems for the first fifteen minutes to be one of the dozens which stir the froth of gossip and chatter into our most vexatious problems, and thus produce a soufflé which is supposed to be more appetizing. Each to his taste. But as you read farther you find that in one respect the book is extremely original, in fact, a pioneer in its field. For after the Countess has denied any chance to a refugee Mr. Blank, a Social Democratic Mr. Blank, a liberal Mr. Blank, and a big-business Mr. Blank—and on the other hand after she has granted a very good chance to a Communist Mr. Blank—she urgently recommends the Mr. Blank of her own choice. Now then, her choice is a setup consisting of Göring, Schacht, and Meissner. The last-named, in case you don't know, has been the personal "State Secretary" of the head of the German state for a quarter of a century; under Ebert he was a Socialist, under Hindenburg a conservative, under Hitler he is a Nazi. Of course in Countess Waldeck's opinion it would be still better if this trio could be completed by a Kaiser Louis Ferdinand. That this would be feasible appears doubtful even to her. However, Göring, Schacht, and Meissner—supported by the generals and the army, the two churches, and the trade unions—are not only possible leaders but practically indispensable. The Allies could do no better than to instal them. Göring is "well liked," he has a "hold over the masses." Schacht is simply a genius, "the smartest man in Europe." "He could fill the shoes of a German Talleyrand remarkably well." Thus we have here the definite proposal that the victors not only accept Messrs. Göring and Schacht but deliver Germany over to them—and not only so that these men can sign the capitulation but so that they can guide the Reich in "peaceful development" toward a progressive future.

The theory is that only they "could make the peace stick with the German people." The great goal of making the peace stick will necessitate "expediency." "Only if Mr. Blank gets the German nation behind the peace terms can a lasting peace be expected." And only a man who is recognized by the German people as a strong man "will be able to line up the German people behind the peace terms."

Now there is some truth in this. It will not be easy to line up the German people behind any peace terms—even the enviable terms that Countess Waldeck recommends. For she insistently recommends such a peace as Talleyrand maneuvered for France out of the Allies of 1815—and that, as is well known, was peace with some territorial aggrandizement thrown in. So that the Talleyrand *redivivus*, Schacht, may maneuver a similar peace for Germany out of the present Allies is precisely the reason she wants him for Mr. Blank. Apparently it has not occurred to the author that her suggestion that even a peace of that kind could only with difficulty be made to stick is a disturbing thought. But the problem is real. It will not be easy to get the German people behind any peace terms, and that fact will perhaps bring abundant fulfilment of the author's desire for expedients. Perhaps for a long time there will be no German government at all. Or perhaps there will be no peace treaty; or the occupation will be long. But for that reason to seek out Göring and Schacht to serve as Mr. Blank—and in addition to arm them with a Talleyrand peace—would be an expedient to condemn not because it *is* an expedient but because it is the caricature of one. For the question is not only, Are they strong enough "to make the peace stick"? but would they want to? As to that—take my word for it, says the charmed Countess. We can only trust that her word will not reach very far. Schacht and Göring of all people! As if they never had the opportunity to make a peace stick!

This is the first time that a proposal of such a kind, set down in black and white, has been made in this country. Fortunately a glance at the author is reassuring—and a glance at her can scarcely be avoided, for "I know," "I think," and "I say" are her chief arguments. Now the registered wife of the unknown Count, as has already been publicly estab-

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lished, is the former Fräulein Rosie Goldschmid of Mannheim. She has long been known to be the victim of a desperate case of *snobisme*. Her book is simply the result of a new attack of this wasting sickness. LEOPOLD SCHWARZSCHILD

Captain Ingersoll Reports

THE BATTLE IS THE PAY-OFF. By Captain Ralph Ingersoll. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

RALPH INGERSOLL went into the army and found a strange sort of peace. At first he was miserably unhappy at being wrenched away from the editorship of *PM*, and he hated intensely his grueling basic training as a private. Gradually he became swallowed in the vastness of the army and fascinated by its intricacies. When he made twelve bull's-eyes with his rifle, he was so pleasurably excited that the trembling of his hands made further shooting difficult. The organized killing of Germans became his crusade. For a subcrusade, embodied in this book, he chose the very object of his early hatred—basic training. It should be made far tougher!

Private Ingersoll went up the hard way to become Captain Ingersoll. No doubt he was good in his military job, but he remained Crusading Journalist Ingersoll and certainly excelled in that role. More or less by accident he turned out to be the first highly successful realization of the concept of soldier-correspondent. He himself puts the accent on the soldier part; feeling a little guilty about his army leave, he tore through the writing of this book in 100 hours and felt grateful when the War Department allowed it to be published. The War Department could scarcely have missed this bet, for here is powerful propaganda in the good sense.

The episode around which the book is built took place in the early part of the Tunisian campaign before the British Eighth Army broke through the Mareth line. The Americans were assigned to knock the Axis out of a mountain pass south of Gafsa. In order to take the defenders by surprise, American rangers and engineers made a terrific night march across the mountains—a march which would have been impossible for untoughened men—and without pausing for breath attacked the enemy's flank. Lieutenant Ingersoll, as he was then, went along on the march as an observer with the engineers, helped to direct mortar fire, and was nicked by a Stuka bomb that killed men near him.

His account of the engagement is war reporting at its best. Thanks to his gift for detail, one gets right into the middle of the battle; and thanks to his ability to synthesize complicated military operations, one sees the whole picture. This capacity for portraying both the forest and the trees is rare; newspaper correspondents seldom achieve it in their chopped-up daily cables, and few authors of books possess the requisite combination of inside information, battle-front experience, and narrative talent.

In the capacity of crusader-journalist Ingersoll devotes pages to educating his readers about how the wheels go round in this marvelously complicated army. He tells things which people need to know, but frequently don't, in order to understand how the war is fought. He describes the mechanics and psychological effects of a booby-trap, tells how many platoons are in a battalion, and makes clear the dual functions of G-3. He is particularly impressed with the enormous organizational achievement of delivering millions of men, complete with the wherewithal to live and fight, in far quarters of the globe. Hitler's suicidal miscalculation, he thinks, was to underestimate the organizing ability of the American people.

Captain Ingersoll, who embodies some of the qualities of two famous Bunyans—Paul and John—points up two morals. First, the American people at home are not sufficiently committed spiritually to the war; he apparently means that they do not have enough emotional hatred of the Germans. Secondly, lives can be saved and the war shortened by more rigorous training of recruits in this country. If he were to pray for a miracle, it "just might be that every barrack in the United States would burn down," so that the men would learn to live with the sky for a ceiling and the ground for a floor and be so tough that they would consider a dry blanket the luxury it really is. MARCUS DUFFIELD

The Legend of Pétain

PETAIN: VERDUN TO VICHY. By Francis Martel. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE Pétain legend dies hard. There are Americans who loathe Quisling and Laval but think of Pétain as a grand old man trapped by fate into abysmal tragedy. Our diplomacy long treated him with a consideration akin to reverence; even today our propaganda handles him with surprising gentleness. It is time to realize that the Pétain conspiracy is something more insidious, and ultimately more potent for evil, than Laval's "collaborationism." A reasoned, documented case against Pétain is very much in order, and such an indictment is what Francis Martel professes to offer.

The "goodness" of Pétain's life is not in question, if by goodness we mean freedom from scandal. Conservative circles, among which he was a great favorite, lightly condoned whatever peccadillos might be charged against the handsome bachelor colonel: the gentlemanly code in Europe is notoriously elastic. Pétain, before the First World War, was well-behaved, and assiduous in the performance of his military duties. Toward Republican institutions he preserved an aloofness which never reached the degree of active disloyalty. In fact, he almost realized the ideal so well defined by François Coppée:

> Il avait ce qu'il faut pour un bon officier:
> Il était ponctuel, sobre, chaste, économe. . . .

The war gave the sexagenarian a marvelous chance. A proponent of defensive tactics, he was called upon to save Verdun. But, lacking in aggressive spirit, he could hold the line; he could not clinch victory. So on Joffre's reluctant retirement Pétain was passed over, and the supreme command went to Nivelle. The appalling failure of Nivelle's offensive brought the more cautious Pétain to the fore again. As generalissimo he managed to restore order and some degree of confidence in an army which had been perilously near a state of open mutiny.

This great negative service, however, fell short of the supreme achievement and the supreme reward, which were reserved for Foch. Already in 1918, just before the glowing

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dawn of victory, we can discern the permanent elements in Pétain's thought—his ineradicable defeatism, his deep-seated distrust of the British, his rancor at being the second, not the first, and above all his unspoken but unconcealed contempt for democracy.

Between the two wars Pétain was for many years the actual dictator of the French army. The Maginot Line is the logical outcome of his defensive policy. If the high command shrugged away De Gaulle's revolutionary proposals, it was a result of the excessive caution, the senile sluggishness of thought, induced by the Fossil Marshal. With an overwhelming display of force he managed to retrieve the blunders of the Spaniards in the Riff and to capture Abd-el-Krim. Long before the ultimate crisis his mind was made up. He knew there was to be, not in France alone but in Europe, a tussle between social conservatism and social democracy; and he stood squarely with the conservatives. He was heart and soul with Mussolini, Hitler, and later Franco. He was not, as people fondly thought, soaring above politics. As early as 1934 he was almost openly a candidate for the role of "savior," that is to say, of reactionary dictator. He would have preferred that this role should have come to him out of victory, but he was willing to wrench it out of defeat.

We are constantly asked: "What could he have done?" At worst, he could have surrendered in the field, like the King of the Belgians, and saved his soul. He could have ordered a retreat toward Brittany, a bastion and a bridgehead, instead of Bordeaux, which was an impasse. He could have kept up the fight from Africa. Above all, he should not have ordered the French to cease firing days ahead of the signing of the armistice. His haste alone is responsible for the capture of unresisting Frenchmen by the hundred thousand. It looks as though there was premeditation in that fatal blunder: the French army, although stunned and demoralized, might not have permitted the creation of the Vichy regime. It was safer for Pétain that 1,800,000 Frenchmen should be in German hands.

Between "Verdun and Vichy" there is a link, and that is the taciturn reactionary mind of Pétain. Behind the handsome presence and the grandfatherly smile there is morose contempt—and vindictiveness. Pétain had been for years among those who were eager to "strangle the slut," the democratic Republic. Franco provided the pattern, Hitler the opportunity.

Francis Martel presents his arraignment with great force. The book is cogently thought and well written; it might be exactly what we need—if it were not so hopelessly unreliable. Not only is it full of minor misstatements; but many of them are not such as a Frenchman of culture would be likely to make. The book has points of excellence; but it is curiously off key. The general point of view is not French; the specific responsibilities of England in the Spanish and Czechoslovak crises are not presented as a genuine Frenchman, irrespective of party, would see them. Either "Francis Martel" impersonates too successfully a cosmopolitan journalist or vice-versa. In either case we are left in doubt. This is an able, at times a brilliant, piece of work; I happen to agree with the essential facts and with the general thesis; yet there is an equivocal aura about the whole thing which greatly impairs its usefulness.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

THE MODERN CASE FOR SOCIALISM

By JOHN PUTNAM

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THE MODERN CASE FOR SOCIALISM includes all of the sound older arguments as well as a number of significant new arguments for Socialism. It makes use of the best of Marxian theory and also utilizes the theory of monopolistic competition. It points out that Socialism is inevitable not only because of the technological changes so brilliantly described by Marx and Engels, but also because of the increased economic strain which modern war imposes upon Capitalism. The gross wastes due to competition and private initiative are described separately for each of the major industries.

The author of this book was an Associate Professor of Economics at a large state university and is now an economist with a Government War agency. He writes under a pen name.

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Fiction in Review

IT IS the sad story of current fiction that almost without exception, and whatever their particular little stamps of individuality, the new novels all seem to fall into one or the other of two equally abortive categories. They are either action stories—on the lowest level, historical romances—in which we get a play-by-play account of what happened, narrative unrelieved by characterization, insight, or comment; or they are "intellectual" novels, stories of emotion and sensibility in which nothing ever happens except in the minds of the characters. It appears that contemporary writing is unable to make an amalgam of these two extremes; it is unable, that is, either to comment on action or to dramatize emotion.

Elizabeth Janeway's "The Walsh Girls" (Doubleday, Doran and Company, $2.50) belongs in the second of these categories. Here is a novel whose life is so unremittingly internal that you long to cry out, in the famous exhortation of Henry James, "Dramatize, dramatize!" Mrs. Janeway starts with a perfectly good fictional idea, the relationship between two neurotic sisters, and she is an intelligent woman—in the sense, I mean, in which you grade an author for her understanding of her own theme. But you follow the history of the Walsh girls to its weak and contrived resolution with the increasing certainty that everything Mrs. Janeway has finally set down as her finished novel should have been simply spade work, the things she thought in her own head before she ever put pen to paper. In a better literary tradition all the reflection, explanation, and documentation which are the end-product of "The Walsh Girls" would have been merely the work of literary gestation; *then* would have come the real job of creation, the job of manufacturing a plot—a dramatic situation or a series of dramatic situations—to embody the author's knowledge of her characters.

If Mrs. Janeway had gone about her work in this way I can imagine that "The Walsh Girls" might possibly have emerged not as a full-length novel at all but as a dramatic novelette. And in that case, provided of course that Mrs. Janeway had been able to match her seriousness and psychological insights with an informed prose, she might have produced something fine and tight, like, say, Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome," instead of another long, dreary record of confusion and maladjustment.

But to get back to the book as given and away from the dream of the book that might have been. The unhappy sisters of "The Walsh Girls" are Lydia, a repressed spinster, and Helen, younger and prettier, recently married to George, her childhood sweetheart. Before the story opens, Helen has been married to a German who was murdered by the Nazis. It is the memory of her tragic European years that Helen wishes to erase in her alliance with George, a solid citizen, but along comes Lydia to threaten her younger sister's effort at therapy-by-marriage. A domineering, self-sacrificing schoolteacher, Lydia would try anyone's patience, and her presence in Helen's home all but destroys the younger woman's already precarious balance. It is at this point that Mrs. Janeway introduces a touch of real horror: as a result of their strained companionship each of the Walsh sisters decides that the other sister is quite literally crazy. The final element in this pretty kettle of conflicts is a certain Charlie who unbelievably falls in love with Lydia, scaring that poor creature out of such wits as she has left.

And all this dismal company resides in a Connecticut town alarmingly devoid of possibility. The investigation, through the length of a long novel, of two tortured psyches with no room to move around in would surely tax the resources of the most talented writer—and Mrs. Janeway is less talented than she is uncommonly courageous about some of the darker aspects of family life. For instance, of the relationship between Lydia and Helen she gives us much more than the usual small-talk of sisterly jealousy; she shows, for one thing, that family affection is not always the generous affair it looks to be and that people often help one another for reasons of their own which are far from worthy. Indeed, it is insights such as these that impart to "The Walsh Girls" its only strength and compensate in some small part for its enveloping tediousness.

I have come rather late to J. B. Priestley's newest war novel, "Daylight on Saturday" (Harper and Brothers, $2.50), the story of an airplane factory. None of Mr. Priestley's novels is ever as interesting to me as he is sympathetic as a person. For Mr. Priestley seems a rare creature: enormously busy encouraging the English to beat the Nazis, he still has time and the prime will to do everything that he can, within his talents, to prevent the war from being fought in vain—to name the careerism that motivates so large a part of the patriotic effort, to prepare for the hungers and miseries that will find a voice as soon as the guns stop roaring, to warn against the powers that be in English official life, and to try to educate decent instincts to a reasonable order of society. I can think of no equally established American writer who is using his pen to the same sound purpose, and if, from the point of view of fiction, this most recent of Mr. Priestley's vehicles moves a little too much like one of the machines whose place in future civilization Mr. Priestley wants to control before it is too late, I for one am ready to forgive it.

DIANA TRILLING

CONTRIBUTORS

H. G. QUARITCH WALES is an explorer who traveled in India and Southeast Asia for eighteen years. He served on the general staff of the Indian army in 1940 and 1941, and is the author of a book on colonial policy, "Years of Blindness."

VERNON BARTLETT, journalist and member of Parliament, will bring out his "diary of the future" as a book in England under the title "Tomorrow Always Comes."

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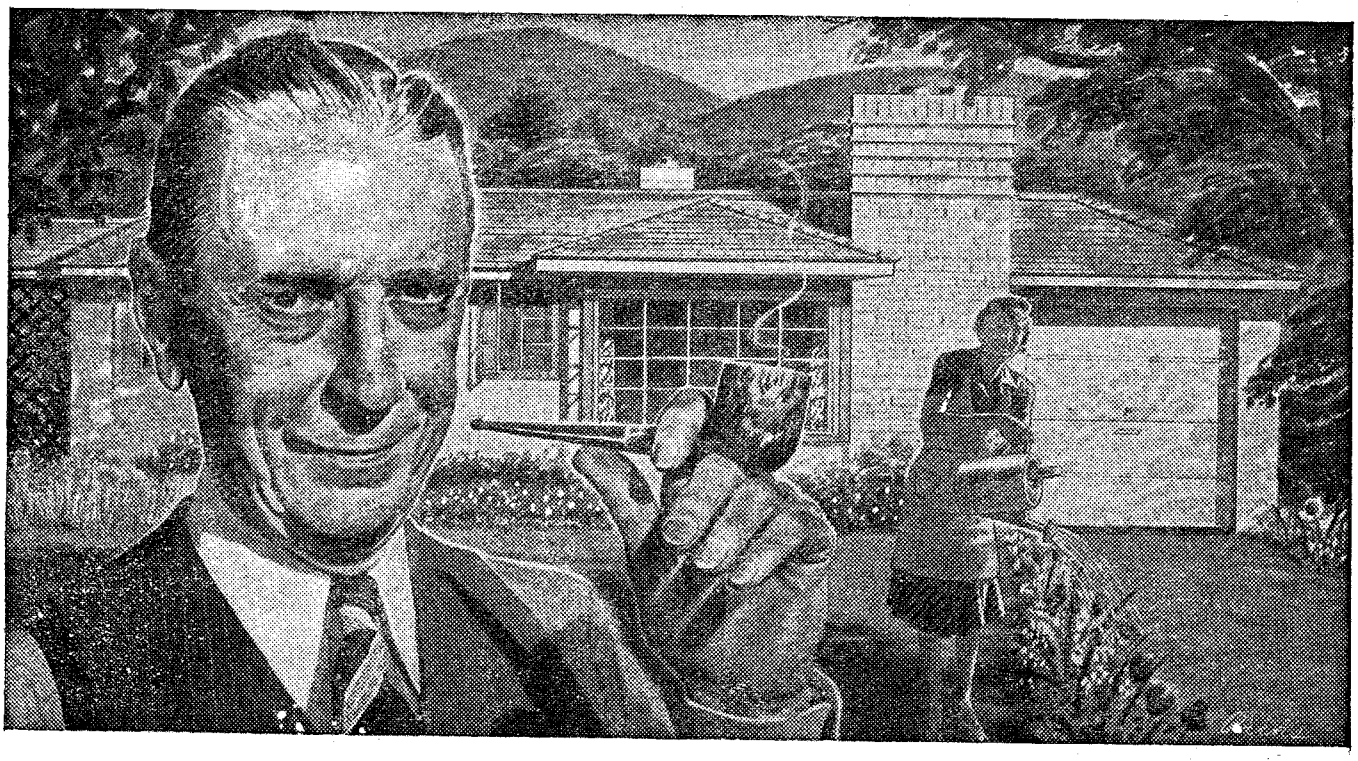

A message for you...from 1953

(Today, John Jones is just an average American, wrestling with all the doubts and worries and problems that beset every one of us right now. But let's skip ahead 10 years. Let's look at John Jones* then*—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as a man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '43—that was our second year of war, when we were really getting into it—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying War Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

"'Don't do it, John!' she said. '*Please* don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's *wonderful* to know that every single payday we have *more* money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We made clothes do—cut out fancy foods. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the War Bonds.

"We didn't touch the War Bonds then, or any other time. And I know this: The world wouldn't be such a swell place today if we had!"

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FILMS

VERY late—but the film is ready for national release, I am glad to say—I hacked through the thicket of "delightfuls" and "enchantings" which had kept me at a distance, to see "Jeannie," a gently characterized British-made comedy about a Scottish peasant woman who discovers, in the course of a trip to pre-war Vienna, that she doesn't have to feel like an old maid after all. A more acute pointing of the roles of an English business man (Michael Redgrave) and an almost traditional sponging count, more accuracy with the Viennese bourgeoisie (the hotel personnel seems very good), and sets much more evocative in details could have made it an entirely beautiful film. But Barbara Mullen alone (as Jeannie), in her prim, sharp-tuned delicateness, would make it one of the easiest, sweetest of light comedies; and I must apologize for my slowness in agreeing with everyone else who has seen it.

The Cagney brothers' first independent piece, "Johnny Come Lately," seems to persuade many people that the Cagneys (and others) should stay dependent. I do not agree. The film does show a fatal commercial uneasiness and, I half suspect, radical loss or atrophy of cinematic judgment. But "Johnny," before it breaks down into a panic of melodramatic and comic propitiation, does give a gentle and leisured if not very memorable first hour whose tone and pace would never have survived a big studio; there is a very appealing performance by Grace George; and there is a general ambience of hope and pleasure about the production, which, regrettably, loses its glow. The hazards of independence are great unless you have daring, brains, ability, and a basic unconfused carelessness about whether you go bankrupt or not; but with very few exceptions I believe that anything good in films which comes out of this country, at all soon, is bound to come from the independents.

Something I have learned only by hearsay is, I think, worth passing on as plausible. A former Hollywood man, now with the Signal Corps, went along with the raid on Kiska. On the way he did a fair amount of shooting of the colossal paraphernalia, the slow inflation of the controlling personalities, and (I hope) the generalized tension between life, memory, future, and death, which are bound so laboriously to converge upon any such action. Once there he also photographed, enthusiastically, the two dogs, the scrupulously impudent inscriptions, and the general letdown which were all the Japanese left. He exposed, in all, a good many thousand feet. They may have been the record of what some people feel to have been the turning-point of the war—the moment at which the Japanese went somewhere else in preference to heaven, as we have learned to expect of them. Or they may have been the matrix of one of the funniest and most mitigating pictures about war which could ever conceivably be made. I suspect they may have been both at once, and I suggest that the title "Desert Victory" was used too soon. In any case, if I have heard right, my conjectures are as irrelevant as my hearsay must be counted unreliable. The complete negative, unless my informant has been misinformed, was destroyed in Washington.

JAMES AGEE

ART

SIXTY-EIGHT of Van Gogh's oils and eleven water colors and drawings (at Wildenstein's until November 7) go to make up the most important show of the artist's work since that at the Museum of Modern Art in 1935. The Van Gogh Problem, of which we are reminded from time to time by single pictures, asks again for solution. Exactly how great a painter was he? The problem is made no easier by this exhibition, in which the complete masterpieces are too few and far between.

It is more difficult to judge painters fairly than writers and composers. The difficulty is physical. Color and texture cannot be reproduced in their full values for purposes of circulation. Because a sufficient number of the originals of a painter's masterpieces are seldom present in any one place at any one time, we fall into the habit of demanding the absolute measure of his talent from every picture, good or bad, as long as it's an original. We do not ask as much of the lesser works of writers and composers simply because their best is just as accessible. I think it hardly fair to pronounce on Van Gogh without having seen all his masterpieces, but that is part of the inevitable presumption of writing about art.

A roomful of Van Goghs has an impact. Yet all but some seven or eight of the paintings here lead to the question whether the impact has as much to do with art as with that emotion or quality of strikingness which Kant distinguishes as analogous to the beautiful, but only analogous, in that its presence makes us linger on the object embodying it because it keeps arresting our attention. It is the quality to which primitive art, at its best or worst, owes its inevitable effect upon the cultivated observer, and which is part of the emphatic physical presence of the work of art that exposes to full view its inner workings, its means of effectuation. With Van Gogh there also enters the power of an original temperament frustrated by its rupture with that world of logic, competition, and compromise in which it found itself.

I do not hold with Dr. Alfred M. Frankfurter that in the means of expression Van Gogh chose for himself he was never "other than an amateur with a divine genius." There is too much good painting in his bad pictures to say that. Van Gogh's distortion of vision, induced no doubt by his psychopathic state (compare with Rousseau Douanier and Eilshemius), arrived at results of the same order as those of Cézanne's inability to draw with academic correctness. The "rarity with which Van Gogh touched complete mastery"—to quote Dr. Frankfurter again—was due to a faulty command not so much of his medium as of his temperament. Van Gogh became too obsessed by the pattern glimpsed in nature. The frenzied insistence with which he tried to reproduce this pattern in his separate brush strokes and give it the same emphasis over every tiny bit of canvas resulted in pieces of violent decoration the surfaces of which had been ornamented instead of painted into a picture. Similarly, Cézanne's preoccupation with the justness of color values down to the last millimeter in the delineation of space and volume made him lose sight at times of the whole in view. In his case, though, segments at least of otherwise unsuccessful pictures survive as superb texts in the painter's art. It was Van Gogh's misfortune and distinction that, unlike Cézanne, he could not rejoice in the limitations of his medium.

The appreciation of an artist has its own history. At this moment several of the Van Goghs of the Paris period (1886 to 1887) seem to please even more than the later work—though they are not quite as original—especially the Renoiresque "Bridge Across the Seine," in which subtle touches of pure, high color are so well placed to define space and its tensions. The self-control here and in the "Corn Field," the flower

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pieces, and the two self-portraits of the same period unsettle some of the usual notions about Van Gogh's art. Yes, mistakes of temperament, not of craft, account for most of the disappointments. It can be argued perhaps that the failure of Van Gogh's art or craft lay precisely in its failure to react upon and discipline his temperament; he should have been checked by the refusal of his art to respond to his exorbitant demands upon it as a means of utterly direct expression. But that would be expecting too much. Van Gogh's shortcomings as an artist are a translation into another language of those that belonged to him as a human being.

The loan exhibition of the novelist Remarque's unusual collection of School of Paris pictures (at Knoedler's until November 13) contains three of the best Cézanne oils in this country, a number of water colors from the same hand—these are a bit too perfect—and items in oil, water color, pastel, and pencil by Daumier, Degas, Van Gogh, Utrillo, Toulouse-Lautrec, Delacroix, and Pissarro. Also two good Fayum portraits. The collection itself is a work of art, being the result of a personal but consistent taste that has looked to French nineteenth-century painting for only what it and no other school can give. I do not believe I have ever seen discrimination so fine embodied in possessions. Of course, Remarque confined himself to safe masters, but even so—

CLEMENT GREENBERG

RECORDS

IT SEEMS to me that a composer must have an extremely facile and superficial mind to be able to go from the music of "Die Dreigroschenoper" to that of "One Touch of Venus"—perhaps even a mind which is not genuinely involved in either music. I remember that when I heard "Die Dreigroschenoper" in Europe in 1929 I was irritated by the sheer ostentatiousness of the matter-of-factness that caused a melody to proceed for seven and one-third measures and then break off drably. I had a sense of Weill putting it on too thick; and listening to his Broadway style now I have a sense of his putting *that* on too thick.

Decca continues its Brunswick Collectors' Series with Set B-1010 ($3.50), which has the title "Riverboat Jazz—New Orleans to Chicago—As Played by Famous Jazzmen on the Mississippi." Actually only one of the bands, heard on only one record-side, played on riverboats; and what the volume offers is simply eight enjoyable performances—spontaneous and vigorous in style, with fine solo passages—recorded by small groups of Negro musicians between 1926 and 1928. Some of the musicians I never heard of before—among them a trombonist named Albert Wynn, and a trumpeter named Punch Miller who is good but not as good as the characteristically extravagant and confused booklet in the set would make him. Others are men as familiar as Joe Oliver, Albert Nicholas, Barney Bigard, Luis Russell, Pop Foster, Paul Barbarin; and some of them turn up in Set B-1009, "Harlem Jazz 1930," which offers performances that were recorded by four of the famous Negro large bands between 1929 and 1931. The best of these are the Duke Ellington "Jolly Wog" and "Double Check Stomp" (80035) and the Fletcher Henderson "Just Blues" (80037), in which the ensemble scoring leaves plenty of room and freedom for the excellent playing of the soloists; in "Radio Rhythm" the Henderson band goes through a lot of motions without anything really happening; the Luis Russell "Saratoga Drag" (80038) has a good tune, spirited ensemble playing, and one good solo passage by Red Allen and Greeley Walton, but "Case on Dawn" has only its ensemble drive; the Don Redman "Shakin' the African" (80036) is better than "Chant of the Weed," which has only distinctively clever scoring and gets tiring for lack of anything more.

One of the pianists in the "Riverboat Jazz" volume, Alex Hill, contributes two exciting solo performances on one of the records (80034) in Set B-1008, "Barrel House Piano," along with others by Mary Lou Williams (80033), James P. Johnson (80032), and Frank Melrose (Kansas City Frank) (80031). Melrose is the only real barrel house pianist of the four; and the title is used here for several styles of piano-playing that are strong, driving, and filled out. Aside from this they are, of course, different—Mary Lou Williams's, for example, being richly intricate, Johnson's flashily brilliant. All are, however, enjoyable.

Set B-1007, finally, "Chicago Jazz Classics," offers performances recorded in 1928 and 1929 by Benny Goodman with groups assembled for the purpose that included Joe Sullivan, Jimmy McPartland, Wingy Manone, Bud Freeman, Glenn Miller. And what all these men do individually and together, is so bad that it is almost unbelievable.

With Markova out of the company for the remainder of the Ballet Theater's New York season Tudor's "Romeo and Juliet" was given with Nora Kaye as Juliet. Her performance was excellent—and for me surprisingly so; for after her heaviness in "Aleko" I was not prepared for the lightness and delicacy she achieved in "Romeo."

On the same program was Tudor's new ballet "Dim Lustre," to Richard Strauss's Burleske for piano and orchestra, and with scenery and costumes by Motley. The first time one sees Tudor's choreography—say in "Lilac Garden"—one is struck by the distinctiveness of the movements; as one continues to see it in other ballets—"Pillar of Fire," "Romeo and Juliet"—one is struck by the recurrence of these movements, and struck all the more since they are so few and are therefore repeated so much. But in "Pillar of Fire" and in "Romeo" there are also new things—additional movements for the new ideas and situations, providing new contexts for the old movements; whereas in "Dim Lustre" there are new subject (very slight), new scenery (not very good), new costumes (very handsome), for which the choreography is made out of nothing but a few old mannerisms. The dancing of Kaye, Laing, and Hightower was fine.

In contrast to this is Lichine's "Fair at Sorochinsk," to music of Mussorgsky that includes "Night on Bald Mountain," and with scenery and costumes by Remisoff that we have seen many times before. Even the traditional and familiar Russian peasant dance movements are given new twists, an individual style, the impress of an individual mind that is further evident in the manipulation of groups, and in the striking movements that convey the diabolism of Red Coat. Moreover, it is interesting to see how well Lichine uses individual dancers—how he contrives what shows off their strong points and conceals their weaknesses. He gives the peasant boy Gritzko not only the leaps and turns that Eglevsky does so brilliantly but an almost brutal vigor in stance and walk that keeps Eglevsky from falling into his usual lad-with-the-delicate-air attitude when he is not leaping or whirling about. And the sensational movements of Red Coat seem to represent Lichine's perception of what Dolin can and cannot do, after he has watched him do the leaps and turns of "Swan Lake" poorly (but with appeals for applause that bring a thunderous response), and then observed his superb character-dancing in "Bluebeard."

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

The Case of Alton Levy

Dear Sirs: Readers of my article in *The Nation* last winter on the Winfred Lynn case may be interested to know about another Jim Crow-in-uniform case now assuming national importance—the Alton Levy case.

In civilian life Alton I. Levy was an organizer for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. He also wrote songs and skits, a talent he has exercised in the army; his "G. I. Love You" is popular in Western camps. His army record was excellent—he became a sergeant within six months of entering the army, and he had no disciplinary record—until he began to criticize the treatment of Negro soldiers.

Last August Sergeant Levy was tried before a court martial at the Lincoln (Nebraska) air base. He was accused of having made false and malicious statements "with the intent to bring discredit on the military service." There were three charges, two of them alleging that he had made slanderous statements about the commanding officer of the camp, the third that he had complained publicly about the way colored soldiers were treated at the base. Levy denied the first two and admitted, or rather insisted upon, the third.

The evidence came entirely from two girls, one of them a WAC, with whom Levy had had dates. (The WAC, a bush-league Mata Hari, also brought charges against four other soldiers with whom she had had dates.) It was so flimsy, and was so effectively countered by Levy's testimony and other witnesses for the defense, that on the second day of the trial the president of the court stated, *"The court does not believe that the accused is guilty of any of the specifications as drawn."* Nevertheless, after another day of testimony, which involved only one of the three charges, the court reversed itself and found Levy guilty on all three counts. Its sentence was severe: reduction to the rank of private, a fine of $18 a month, and four months' imprisonment at hard labor. Levy is now serving out this term.

Levy had three strikes against him when he went up for trial: he was a Jew, a labor organizer, and a fighter for Negro rights. At the base Negro soldiers were forced to put up with inferior equipment, denied their fair share of passes into town, forced to walk two miles to mess hall, and, according to one of Levy's letters home, "hounded and harassed, yelled at and cursed and insulted, and generally treated abominably." Levy complained about these conditions in staff meetings and in contacts with his superior officers. He had an important administrative post in the Negro section of the camp, and he knew what he was talking about. Sergeant Levy, in a word, was making a nuisance of himself. He had to be "got," and got he was.

This case of a white sergeant, buried away in a remote air base, who had the courage to speak out on military Jim Crow will not be over when Sergeant Levy comes out of the guardhouse a private. There are indications that the army authorities, in reprisal for Levy's allowing the case to become a national issue, are considering another court martial and an even more severe sentence. Full information on the case may be obtained from the Workers' Defense League, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, which is conducting a campaign to free Al Levy and end Jim Crow in the army.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

New York, October 19

The Question of Sovereignty

Dear Sirs: Questions of sovereignty loom large in discussions of post-war collaboration. It seems certain that isolationists, in the propitious guise of nationalists, will center their fight on an international superstate. It is as well to look the matter over now, to see where we stand.

Our own experience after the Revolution afforded an example pertinent to the present situation. The colonies, having come through extraordinary hardships and hazards in throwing over a superior central power, adopted our first written constitution, the Articles of Confederation, under which each of them was fully sovereign, retaining its "freedom and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States." None could be taxed, and none suffered interference with its domestic affairs. We had thirteen nationalistic interests, often conflicting.

The Continental Congress, which framed the Articles, was a single chamber in which each state had one vote and Rhode Island as much power as Massachusetts or Virginia. The Congress could declare war, form treaties, make requisitions for the national expenses, and so on, but it had no power to enforce its findings. Thus its power to direct the armed forces was empty because it could not conscript men for the army or navy. It could do no more than request money from the states, and during its last year they contributed less than enough to meet the interest on the national indebtedness. It could issue currency but could establish no reserve, and it emitted script so freely that the phrase "not worth a Continental" became part of the national idiom. National securities sold for as little as one-twentieth of their face value.

The Articles of Confederation did not provide for an executive or a judiciary, and there was no regulation of trade or industry. The states carried on commercial wars and erected tariff walls against one another. New York levied duties on firewood from Connecticut and on cabbages from New Jersey.

Veterans of the Revolution went unpaid and everywhere threatened trouble. Once they frightened Congress into moving from Philadelphia to Princeton. In Massachusetts Shays's Rebellion was led by a man who had fought at Bunker Hill, and civil war was narrowly averted. Amid the blessings of unrestricted nationalism the young country was "drifting to chaos."

Amid the blessings of unrestricted nationalism Europe drifted after the First World War into the chaos of armed conflict. A League of Nations had been set up, but it had no more power to enforce its rulings than the Continental Congress. There was a similar post-war inflation, and there was a time when the currency of most European states was not worth a Continental.

In such circumstances the American colonies realized the imperative need for a strong, cooperative national government. The Founding Fathers met secretly at Philadelphia "for the sole and express purpose of amending the Articles of Confederation," but they did nothing of the sort. They threw that document out of the window and erected an illiberal republic. If a Napoleon had done

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what they did, Arthur Meier Schlesinger tells us, it would have been branded a coup d'état.

At Philadelphia the states agreed that the central government could tax them, that it could maintain a dominant standing army, and that it could lay embargoes and tariffs. They agreed to settle their quarrels in federal courts, whereas it was and is an attribute of sovereignty to act as sole arbiter of any dispute. They consented to the regulation of commerce and trade. "In order to form a more perfect union," they relinquished the very privileges of sovereignty on which they had insisted when they drew up the Articles of Confederation.

Without setting up the federal union as a model for post-war organization (the Swiss Federation might serve as a better model) it is still clear that the attributes of sovereignty which the framers surrendered may reconcile us to similar concessions in planning for the world of the future. If we are guided by their wisdom we need not fear an international police force, a world court, or the judicious regulation of international economic affairs. We shall agree, if we follow their example, to pay our part toward the expenses of the international organization. We would stipulate, as the Founding Fathers did, that the powers we delegate be limited to matters of common interest and primarily for the common defense.

Another quite recent instance within our experience is instructive. In 1938 an agreement was reached at Lima, Peru, under which any menace from without to any republic in the Western World is to be considered a threat to all of them and a call to immediate concerted action. "Had this principle of collective defense prevailed in Europe," says Dr. Leo S. Rowe, "the aggressor nations would never have undertaken the subjugation of their neighbors. It is thus clear that unless the principle of collective defense is made effective, no form of world organization will give us either peace or security. Combined resistance to lawlessness and aggression is the only sure road to an ordered world."

Now when any republic agrees to make war if need be in case an allied republic is threatened, it renounces thereby a part of its sovereignty. It is one of the concessions we must make.

The notion of sovereignty has plagued this world since the dawn of history. It infatuated ancient patriarchs and potentates. As an official national policy it appears to have made its appearance first on the floor of the French National Assembly, during the regime of the third Bonaparte. Word of it reached Napoleon at St. Helena and he took it up with gusto. Thereafter his nephew, the Emperor Louis, denounced it as Bonapartist doctrine. It is a hangover, as the word itself shows, from the days of absolute monarchy. Lord Acton characterizes it as "immoral." In the modern world it is as much an anachronism as the "divine right" of the Stuarts. SILAS BENT

Old Greenwich, Conn., October 24

Mr. Rylski Replies

Dear Sirs: In answer to the letter from Dr. Ehrenpreis, which appeared in last week's issue of *The Nation,* I should like to clarify two points which I discussed in my article.

First, I did not accuse the Polish government and the parties which support it of "expecting a restored Poland to stand against Russia." I freely agree that there are no Polish political leaders who do not desire good relations with Russia, as well as with the rest of Poland's neighbors; they would like to see such relations just as they would like to see the end of all wars, the universal happiness of their nation and of the world, and so on. But all that has nothing to do with politics. The real question in Polish-Russian relations—a question carefully overlooked in Dr. Ehrenpreis's letter—is whether the Polish government is ready to collaborate with Russia *on terms acceptable to the latter,* whether it is prepared to make such collaboration the basis of its policy.

Under the present relation of forces, to declare to Stalin: "We want to cooperate with you, but only *on our terms,*" that is, on the basis of Russia's acceptance of Poland's view concerning its eastern boundaries, means abandoning the policy of collaboration and paving the way for the inevitable rupture. The reason for that is simple. If the Polish "legitimate leaders" take their policy seriously, they must look for some force strong enough, in their opinion, to impose their position upon Russia. Stalin will therefore regard them as a hostile factor. Polish-Russian relations of 1941-43 prove this point conclusively; the Union of Polish Patriots, born in 1943, has nothing to do with that. The essential fact is that on the fundamental question of boundaries there is complete unanimity among the "legitimate leaders" of Polish democratic parties, the Polish government, and the extreme reactionaries, including Colonel Matuszewski: they all insist on the premise of the inviolability of the boundaries of 1939.

The second point concerns Dr. Ehrenpreis's assertion that the Polish people have already made their choice concerning Poland's future policy, and that this choice concurs with the policy of the Polish government in London. This statement is supposedly conclusive because the men who make it are the only "legitimate" representatives of the Polish people. There are, however, all kinds of legitimacy: Otto of Hapsburg bases his claim to legitimacy upon his hereditary rights; the Polish government in London upon the fascist constitution of 1935; Dr. Ehrenpreis and his friends upon their pre-1939 status and the support of their political friends in Poland. The only democratic legitimacy is that based on the will of the majority of the population. Today, under the German occupation, the Polish people cannot express its will. No student of Polish affairs can truly state who, in October, 1943, has the majority in Poland; who will have it at the moment of Poland's liberation from the German oppressor is even more difficult to foretell. Assertions, even if they are as absolute as those of Dr. Ehrenpreis, are not proof. The fight for the soul of the Polish people continues, and nothing is less certain than the triumph of the camp represented by Dr. Ehrenpreis.

MARCIN RYLSKI

New York, October 25

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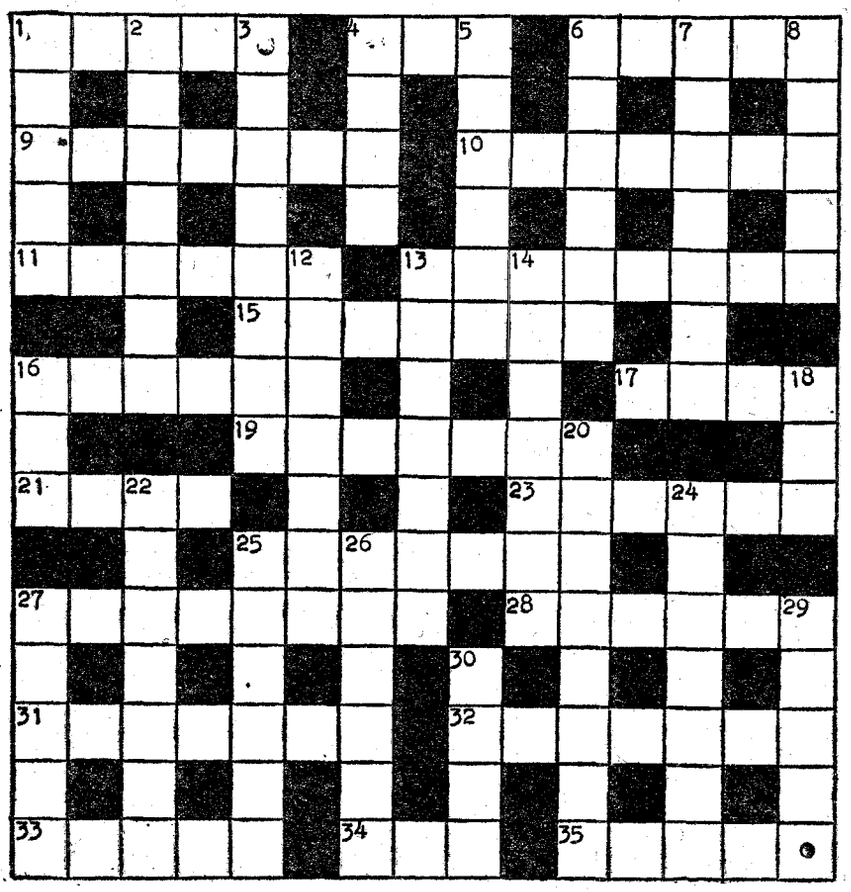
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 37

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Source of oil—and The Invisible Man
4 One of those Nevada girls
6 Is worth its weight in gold
9 What the Fat Boy did
10 This crime against the state has a final motive
11 They fought for possession of the ring in Das Rheingold
13 What with blows and bellows these workshops must be noisy places
15 Masculine name
16 They naturally prefer mounted photographs
17 This cap is never removed when coming indoors
19 You can ship this vegetable
21 Sounds rather a mournful name for a girl
23 Where the absent-minded bookkeeper posted the letter?
25 A child can operate this vehicle(?)
27 Where there's a will there's a this
28 Isolde appears rather the worse for wear
31 Scientist who proved Copernicus to be right
32 Cane ten in a place of refreshment
33 It threw a little light on things in grandfather's day
34 Right for horses
35 The Merry Widow

DOWN

1 Word that's always pronounced wrong
2 Shelter with a drawback
3 Cats rest until something does this to them
4 We're in jug!
5 Responsible for many a good wheeze
6 Ecarte (anag.)
7 A Scot puts an end to a Muscovite
8 Notes should be changed here
12 Is he the guilty one?
13 A loud speaker
14 Frigid eavesdroppers
16 Fast colors don't
18 "For Art may ---, but Nature cannot miss" (Dryden)
20 Leading ladies
22 The end of the race is near—or is it the end of the cat? (two words, 4 and 3)
24 Did Spanish sailors of old boast of the number of miles they had done on one?
25 No weaver, but he can usually spin a good yarn
26 Black tea with the flavor of green
27 Too little money, or too much drink perhaps
29 Lady of Spain
30 Some nerve, I should say

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 36

ACROSS:—1 FIEND; 4 STAGE; 7 NEAR; 9 TEDIUM; 10 CAIRO; 12 ISLE; 13 TOWN; 15 RISSOLE; 17 HOSIER; 18 EGRESS; 19 PEA; 21 OBSERVE; 23 DYNASTY; 24 THE; 26 DEBRIS; 28 EGGLER; 31 NAPLESS; 32 RARE; 35 NAME; 36 GNASH; 37 TEA-SET; 38 SHOE; 39 SCENT; 40 REELS.

DOWN:—1 FREE; 2 ELIXIR; 3 DEMESNE; 4 SICKLE; 5 ADIT; 6 ENOW; 7 NEIGH; 8 ATLAS; 11 ROWELS; 14 NASTY; 15 REFRAIN; 16 EGG-NOGS; 19 PET; 20 ADE; 21 ORDER; 22 SUBORN; 25 HOLSTER; 27 SACHET; 28 ESTATE; 29 LOATH; 30 REEVE; 33 AGES; 34 EASE; 35 NESS.

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